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ABSTRACT

The exciting period after World War II, when independence movements developed and flourished throughout Africa is the topic of this book, fifth in a series dealing with African culture and intended for secondary level students. Almost all of the selections in the book were written by Africans and come from a variety of sources including autobiographies, novels and stories, newspaper accounts, speeches, official documents, and underground leaflets. The basic purpose of the book is to capture some of the feelings, aspirations, and experiences of black Africans and, by so doing, help the reader develop a sense of empathy and a feeling of identity with human begins everywhere, recognizing the common humanity that all men share. Discussion questions are provided for the selections. World War II is usually considered to be the great dividing line between the colonial period and the period of independence which is still unfolding in Africa. Prior to World War II, there were only three independent African states: Egypt, Ethiopia, and Liberia. Today, only 20 years later, there are 38. Some examples of reading selections follow. One short story tells about a young African who becomes aware of the injustice of racial discrimination and decides to do something about it. Another selection deals with the myth of the African "child." The new politics of Nkrumah are described in one reading. The injustices that the Congolese suffered under Belgian rule are recalled in a speech by Patrice Lumumba. (Author/RM)

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The Rise of Nationalism: Freedom Regained

LEON E. CLARK

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Unit V of THROUGH AFRICAN EYES: CULTURES IN CHANGE

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We have witnessed the greatest awakening ever seen on this earth of suppressed and exploited peoples against the powers that have kept them in subjection. This, without a doubt, is the most significant happening of the twentieth century.

—KWAME NKRUMAH, 1960

Preface and Acknowledgments

Through African Eyes attempts to get "inside Africa" by going directly to the source, to the Africans themselves. Almost all of the selections in this volume were written by Africans, and they come from a variety of sources: autobiographies, novels and stories, newspaper accounts, speeches, official documents, even underground leaflets.

Unlike traditional textbooks, *Through African Eyes* does not try to "cover" all of Africa or to offer "expert" analysis by outside observers. Instead, it focuses on a few major themes and presents material that re-creates, as authentically and concretely as possible, the reality of African life. Interpretation is left to the reader. In effect, *Through African Eyes* has two major goals: to let Africans speak for themselves, and to let students think for themselves.

This unit deals with the exciting period after World War II, when independence movements developed and flourished throughout Africa, bringing an end to European colonialism in most parts of the continent. However, some African nations, predominantly in the south, are still not free, and the last section of this unit takes a look at this "unfinished business." The final selection goes beyond Africa

to the whole world, showing how African nationalism is part of a much larger effort of colonized people everywhere to win the right of self-determination.

In some ways, Africa may seem different from the West, and indeed it is. But in many more ways, Africans as people are similar to people anywhere in the world. Human beings, after all, no matter where they live, face the same basic needs: to eat, to work, to love, to play, and to get along with their fellow men. Learning how Africans manage their lives —sharing in their thoughts and theories, their emotions and dreams—should do more than provide insights into another continent or another culture. It should also help to lay bare the nature of the human condition. Perhaps the greatest justification for studying about other people is to learn more about ourselves. If *Through African Eyes* helps to further this goal of self-knowledge and in the process reveals some of the uniqueness and universality of African life, then it will have served its purpose.

* * *

Through African Eyes is the result of three years' work. It represents the first major product of the Educational Materials Project (EMPathy), a nonprofit educational organization located in New York City and founded in June, 1967, for the express purpose of developing curriculum materials for the study of other cultures in American schools and colleges. The one man most responsible for the existence of EMPathy and hence for the development of the material represented by this book is Mr. Ward Morehouse, Director of the Center for International Programs and Comparative Studies, New York State Education Department. His unwavering support of the project has been a constant source

of both personal and professional inspiration. His colleagues Dr. Arthur Osteen and Mr. Norman Abramowitz have been equally helpful in keeping EMPathy alive.

Special thanks should go to Susan Hall for suggesting the inclusion of "The Bench" and "The Cracking Myth"; to Georgia Hale for recommending "The African Outlook"; to Margaret Morgan for many helpful suggestions in the course of everyday work; to Immanuel Wallerstein, of Stanford University, for his critical evaluation; and to Mrs. Gladys Topkis, of Praeger Publishers, Inc., for her sufferance.

The editor, of course, bears the ultimate responsibility for the selection and editing of material, the over-all conception of the unit, and the connective writing in the text.

LEON E. CLARK

The Rise of Nationalism

Introduction

Only a few years ago news commentators referred to countries in the "Western bloc" and the "Eastern bloc" and felt confident that they had included most of the world—or at least all those countries that counted. Today, if they hope to do justice to reality, they have to include a third category: the nations of Africa and Asia, sometimes referred to as the "Third World."

The rise of nationalism in the Third World is one of the most important (and certainly the most dramatic) developments of the mid-twentieth century. Since 1947, more than sixty countries have expelled their European rulers and raised new flags over their capitols. The United Nations, which had 51 members in 1945, has 124 as of this writing, with most of the new members coming from the so-called developing world. In fact, the Afro-Asian bloc today controls more than half the votes of the U.N. Most important, the nationalist movements have freed more than half of mankind from colonial subjugation. As Ndabaningi Sithole, an African nationalist from Rhodesia, has written:

> That 230,000,000 Africans are now free has a significance which it would take a separate volume to explain. At

> the turn of the present century the African population that will have been born between now and then will be living in freedom and independence. They will walk with their heads held up in full human dignity since Africa for the most part has ceased to breed "untree" men and women. She now breeds free men and women who no longer have to bow to foreign rulers.
>
> People now live for themselves and not for foreign rulers. They now get education for their own sakes. They can now develop at their own pace without having to be controlled by the temperament of foreign rulers. They are now people. They feel they are people. Men and women of other nationalities and races now regard them as full persons. They now belong to their country. They can now say "Our Country." No amount of money or wealth could have given them this feeling. Only freedom and independence give this priceless feeling.*

World War II is usually considered to be the great dividing line between the colonial period and the period of independence, which is still unfolding. This is certainly the case in Africa. Prior to World War II—indeed, until 1950—there were only three independent African states: Egypt, Ethiopia, and Liberia. Today, only twenty years later, there are thirty-eight. What happened?

FACTORS IN CHANGE

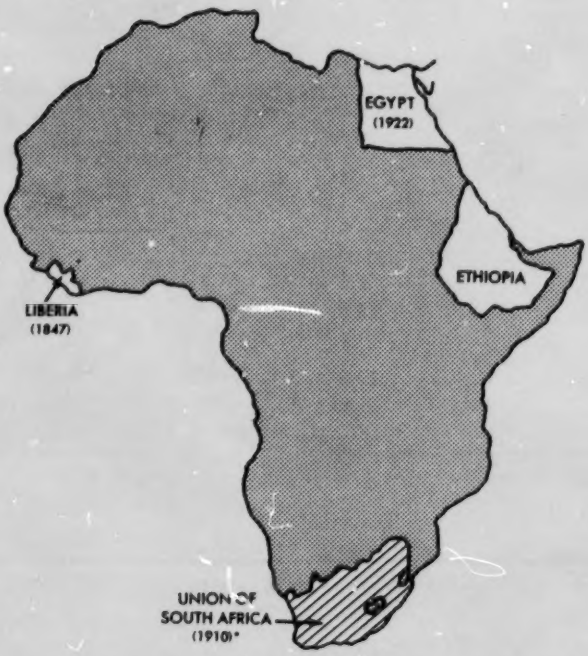
First, African soldiers came home in 1945 after fighting side by side with Europeans throughout the world. They saw their white comrades die as easily as black men (they even saw them defeated in battle by nonwhite Japanese), and they

* Ndabaningi Sithole, *African Nationalism*, New York: Oxford University Press, 1969, p. 3.

came to realize that "white superiority" was a myth. At the same time they met black American soldiers who provided them with living examples of non-colonized "Africans."

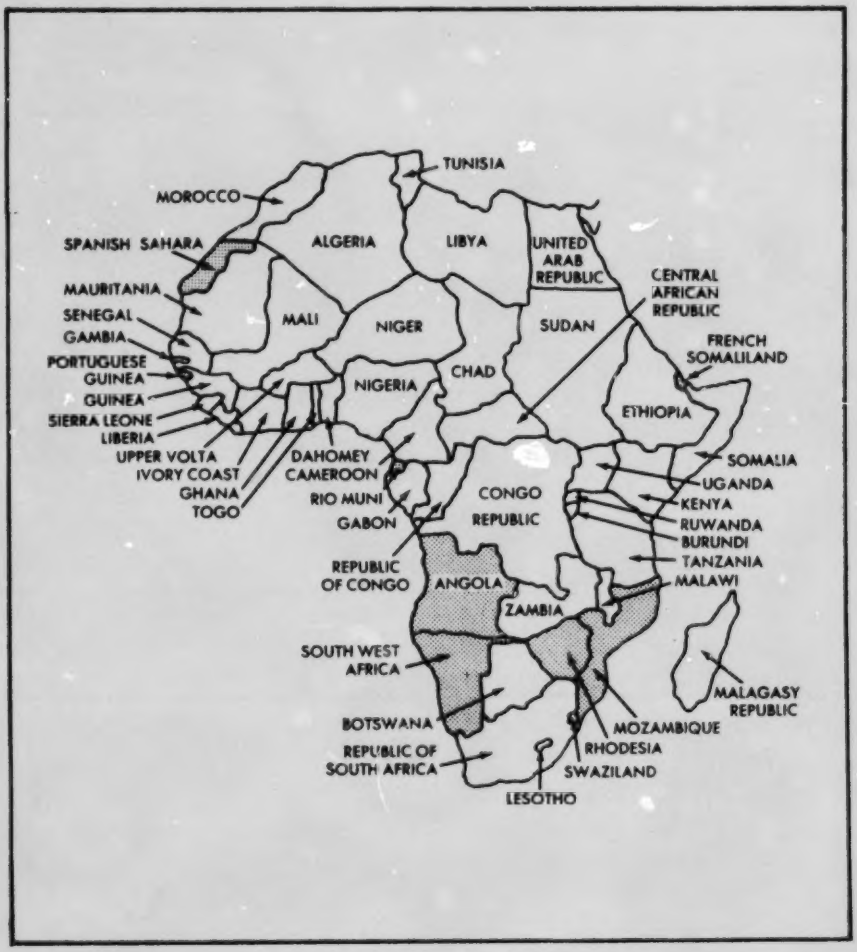
Secondly, the number of young Africans with a formal education increased dramatically, especially the number studying in European and American universities. The more education they had, the more these students became aware of their unequal status under colonial regimes. This was particularly true of students who went abroad. Not only did they study democracy in theory, but they experienced it in life outside the colonies. When they returned to Africa, holding the same Oxford or Cambridge degree as their European rulers, they saw the absurdity of taking orders from "equals" or, worse, from foreigners, and receiving less pay for the same job at that.

Thirdly, the world had changed. The colonial powers of Europe were greatly weakened by the war and had to turn most of their energy to rebuilding their own countries. Thus they were in no position to stem the rising tide of nationalism abroad, although they tried desperately to do so. At the same time, two "new" powers, Russia and the United States, emerged from the war as world leaders, and neither had much interest in preserving the old colonial system. Moreover, the United Nations, which was formed in 1945, contributed to the anticolonial atmosphere by giving an international forum to nationalist spokesmen. And, finally, in 1947, India won its hard-fought battle for independence against England, leading the way for the rest of the colonial world. After all, if a power like England could be ousted from India, where it had been entrenched for two hundred years, how long could the Europeans last in Africa, where their colonies were barely sixty years old?



***Although technically South Africa gained its independence from England in 1910 and was from that time on no longer a colony, a white minority still controls the country. Therefore, for the Africans, South Africa is still an illegal colonial state.**

INDEPENDENCE: 1950



INDEPENDENCE: 1966

THE CRY FOR *UHURU*

Thus the stage was set, and the cry for *Uhuru*—freedom—thundered across the African continent. Political parties were organized, mass rallies were held, flags were flown, and everywhere the message was the same: "Europeans, Go Home!" In the vanguard of the attack was the British colony of the Gold Coast. Led by the great nationalist Kwame Nkrumah, the Gold Coast—today known as Ghana—became the first tropical African state to win independence—in 1957.

Once Ghana broke loose, the rest of the colonial structure collapsed. In 1958, President de Gaulle of France invited the French colonies of Africa to decide by vote whether to remain in the French community or to become independent. Only one country, Guinea, chose the latter course. (The others presumably feared that independence would cut their economic ties to France.) Within two weeks the French had left the country, but not without showing their spite by ripping out telephones and light fixtures and destroying government documents. These final acts, however, were as futile as they were childish, for by 1960 eleven more French colonies had followed Guinea's lead. Belgian and English colonies likewise gained their independence during the early 1960's, and by 1966 most of Africa was free. (See "Independence Ledger," on p. 84.)

In most cases Africans did not have to resort to violence in order to win their freedom. The major exceptions were in countries with large white settler communities. In Kenya, for example, it took the Mau Mau revolt finally to unsettle the British planters. Rhodesia and South Africa are still not free;

they are dominated by white minority governments. The only colonial power that did not accept African nationalism was Portugal, which to this day control. Angola, Mozambique, and Portuguese Guinea. African guerrilla movements are active in these Portuguese colonies and to a lesser extent in Rhodesia and South Africa, so the struggle for African independence continues.

THE EUROPEAN LEGACY

An interesting aspect of the nationalist movement in Africa, and elsewhere in the world as well, is that it was made possible by the enemy itself: the Europeans. The very concept of a "nation" or "nation-state" is Western. It was Europeans who first established the pattern of bringing small, diverse groups of people together to form a larger unit to which all members paid their allegiance. Certainly such *nations* as the Ivory Coast, Nigeria, the Congo, and Uganda did not exist before the Europeans created them.

Moreover, the very nature of European colonialism gave rise to nationalist activities. Racial discrimination and economic exploitation led to the creation of African social clubs and labor unions, which in time served as the foundation of political parties. At the same time, Western education, both in Africa and abroad, taught theories of political liberty, and the Europeans themselves, by their presence in Africa, gave examples of political organization. In a very real sense, then, African nationalism grew out of the soil of colonialism. The Europeans laid the groundwork for the eventual downfall of their own regimes.

Some scholars point out, however, that nations existed in Africa before the coming of the Europeans and long before

the onset of colonialism in 1885. They point to the medieval Sudanic kingdoms of Ghana, Mali, and Songhay, and to the "nations" of the Ashanti, Ewe, Yoruba, Zulu, Buganda, and Kikuyu. These latter groups, although usually classified as tribes, are certainly large enough in number and complex enough in organization to be called "nations" according to most definitions.

But whether we believe that Europeans brought nationalism to Africa or that it had existed there before their coming, one thing is certain: European colonialism created a new type of nationalism in Africa. First of all, the twentieth-century nationalists who grew up under colonialism were not traditional tribal leaders. They were a new breed: young, Western-educated, urbanized, and scientific in outlook.

Secondly, the nations themselves—their geographic shapes—were drawn by Europeans during the "scramble" for Africa. These shapes had never existed before. Indeed, the Europeans paid so little attention to the natural political groupings that already existed in Africa that they sometimes drew national boundaries through the middle of tribal territories. Today, for example, the Somalis live in Kenya and Ethiopia as well as in their own country, Somalia, and the Ewe are split between Ghana and Togo. Such division of natural groups leads to border disputes. Imagine what would happen if Mexico's border were suddenly extended as far north as Los Angeles!

Not only did the Europeans divide natural groupings when they formed their African colonies, they also forced into a single political unit tribes that had nothing in common: neither language, custom, religion, nor history. Some African nations have as many as a hundred distinct tribes within their borders. The war in Nigeria from 1967 to 1970 shows how

difficult it can be to meld such diverse groups into a unified nation.

The European legacy, then, is a mixed blessing. It left large units in the place of smaller ones, thereby creating African nations that could exist on a par with other nations of the world. But at the same time, it left problems that will take a long time to be solved.

It should be clear that African nationalism is not an isolated movement; it is part of a worldwide struggle against imperialism—and the struggle goes on. The present war in Vietnam, for example, can be seen as an extension of the war for independence fought against the French in the early 1950's. And further, this worldwide struggle is not limited to nations. Many black Americans see their demands for equality as part of the Third World demand for equality. In other words, postwar nationalism has become a movement to free oppressed people no matter where they live. And as such it is of vital concern to all of us.

*The Parable of the Eagle**

[EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: Although the great thrust for independence came after World War II, there were occasional protests and strikes as early as the 1920's and 1930's. These early stirrings, however, were usually handled by discussion and compromises, conducted by traditional chiefs and urbanized lawyers and teachers. Without a mass movement, these African leaders were forced to bargain with the Europeans, and they got very little.

One of the most prominent nationalists of that time was James Aggrey, a college principal from the Gold Coast (Ghana) and a boyhood hero of Kwame Nkrumah. Aggrey had spent several years as a student and teacher in North Carolina and was instrumental in convincing Nkrumah to study in the United States. In keeping with the spirit of the times, Aggrey was a moderate, and he is best known for his statement that harmony on the piano requires both black and white keys. His sentiments, however, ran deeper than that, as the following selection shows.

As you read it, think about this question:

What is the first step in creating a nationalist movement?]

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* James Aggrey, Drum Publications (Proprietory) Ltd. and The Faith Press, Ltd. as reprinted in Hans Kohn, *African Nationalism in the Twentieth Century,* Princeton, N.J.: D. Van Nostrand, 1965, pp. 129–30.

The Parable of the Eagle

A certain man went through a forest seeking any bird of interest he might find. He caught a young eagle, brought it home and put it among his fowls and ducks and turkeys, and gave it chickens' food to eat even though it was an eagle, the king of birds.

Five years later a naturalist came to see him and, after passing through his garden, said: "That bird is an eagle, not a chicken."

"Yes," said its owner, "but I have trained it to be a chicken. It is no longer an eagle, it is a chicken, even though it measures fifteen feet from tip to tip of its wings."

"No," said the naturalist, "it is an eagle still: it has the heart of an eagle, and I will make it soar high up to the heavens."

"No," said the owner, "it is a chicken, and it will never fly."

They agreed to test it. The naturalist picked up the eagle, held it up, and said with great intensity: "Eagle, thou art an eagle; thou dost belong to the sky and not to this earth; stretch forth thy wings and fly."

The eagle turned this way and that, and then, looking down, saw the chickens eating their food, and down he jumped.

The owner said: "I told you it was a chicken."

"No," said the naturalist, "it is an eagle. Give it another chance tomorrow."

So the next day he took it to the top of the house and said: "Eagle, thou art an eagle; stretch forth thy wings and fly." But again the eagle, seeing the chickens feeding, jumped down and fed with them.

Then the owner said: "I told you it was a chicken."

Shout.—and shots—rang out across Africa in celebration of independence.

"No," asserted the naturalist. "It is an eagle, and it still has the heart of an eagle; only give it one more chance, and I will make it fly tomorrow."

The next morning he rose early and took the eagle outside the city, away from the houses, to the foot of a high mountain. The sun was just rising, gilding the top of the mountain with gold, and every crag was glistening in the joy of that beautiful morning.

He picked up the eagle and said to it: "Eagle, thou art an eagle; thou dost belong to the sky and not to this earth; stretch forth thy wings and fly!"

The eagle looked around and trembled as if new life were

coming to it; but it did not fly. The naturalist then made it look straight at the sun. Suddenly it stretched out its wings and, with the screech of an eagle, it mounted higher and higher and never returned. It was an eagle, though it had been kept and tamed as a chicken!

My people of Africa, we were created in the image of God, but men have made us think that we are chickens, and we still think we are; but we are eagles. Stretch forth your wings and fly! Don't be content with the food of chickens!

*The Bench**

[EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: Perhaps the greatest indignity suffered by Africans under colonial rule was racial discrimination. "Natives" were forced to take second place to their white masters everywhere—in jobs, in schools, in shops, and even on sidewalks. Whenever a white man appeared, Africans were expected to "step aside and make way."

To be treated like a second-class citizen because of your skin color is degrading, no matter where it happens. But it seems doubly degrading in your own country, on your own continent, and at the hands of foreigners. It was quite natural, then, for African nationalists to make racism a prime target in their attack on colonialism.

"The Bench" is a short story about a young African, Karlie, who becomes aware of the injustice of racial discrimination and decides to do something about it. The story takes place in South Africa, a country infamous for its policy of *apartheid,* or separation of the races. Most colonial regimes were not so oppressive as the South African government, but the awakening experienced by Karlie in the story is not unlike the awakening that took place throughout Africa during the drive for independence.

* Excerpted from "The Bench," by Richard Rive. Reprinted from *An African Treasury,* by Langston Hughes. © 1960 by Langston Hughes. Used by permission of Crown Publishers, Inc.

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The author, Richard Rive, is one of South Africa's best-known black writers. Born in 1931 in Cape Town, he was graduated from the University of Cape Town and was at one time the South African hurdling champion. He now teaches English and Latin (and coaches track) at a Cape Town high school.

As you read "The Bench," think of these questions:

Why was a "perfectly ordinary" bench so important to Karlie?

Why was Karlie cool and the police "hot?"]

"We form an integral part of a complex society, a society in which a vast proportion of the population is denied the very basic right of existence, a society that condemns a man to an inferior position because he has the misfortune to be born black, a society that can only retain its precarious social and economic position at the expense of an enormous oppressed mass!"

. . . Karlie stared at the two detectives who were busily making shorthand notes of the speeches, then turned to stare back at the speaker.

"It is up to us to challenge the right of any group who willfully and deliberately condemn a fellow group to a servile position. We must challenge the right of any people who see fit to segregate human beings solely on grounds of pigmentation. Your children are denied the rights which are theirs by birth. They are segregated educationally, socially, economically. . . ."

Ah, thought, Karlie, that man knows what he is speaking about. He says I am as good as any other man, even a white

man. That needs much thinking. I wonder if he means I have the right to go to any bioscope [movie], or eat in any restaurant, or that my children can go to a white school. These are dangerous ideas and need much thinking. . . .

Karlie's brow was knitted as he thought. On the platform were many speakers, both white and black, and they were behaving as if there were no differences of color among them. There was a white woman in a blue dress offering Nxeli a cigarette. . . .

These were new things and he, Karlie, had to be careful before he accepted them. But why shouldn't he accept them? He was not a colored man any more, he was a human being. The last speaker said so. He remembered seeing pictures in the newspapers of people who defied laws which relegated them to a particular class, and those people were smiling as they went to prison. This was a queer world.

The speaker continued and Karlie listened intently. He spoke slowly, and his speech was obviously carefully prepared. This is a great man, thought Karlie. . . .

The meeting was almost over when Karlie threaded his way through the crowd. The words of the speakers were still milling through his head. It could never happen in Bietjiesvlei. Or could it? The sudden screech of a car pulling to a stop whirled him back to his senses. A white head was thrust angrily through the window.

"Look where you're going, you black bastard!"

Karlie stared dazedly at him. Surely this white man never heard what the speakers had said. He could never have seen the white woman offering Nxeli a cigarette. He could never imagine the white lady shouting those words at him. It would be best to catch a train and think these things over.

He saw the station in a new light. Here was a mass of

human beings, black, white, and some brown like himself. Here they mixed with one another, yet each mistrusted the other with an unnatural fear, each treated the other with suspicion, moved in a narrow, haunted pattern of its own. One must challenge these things, the speaker had said . . . in one's own way. Yet how in one's own way? How was one to challenge? Suddenly it dawned upon him. Here was his challenge! *The bench.* The railway bench with "Europeans Only" neatly painted on it in white. For one moment it symbolized all the misery of the plural South African society.

Here was his challenge to the rights of a man. Here it

This bench for Europeans symbolizes the apartheid *system of racial discrimination still practiced in South Africa. Independence brought an end to such practices in the former colonies.*

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stood. A perfectly ordinary wooden railway bench, like thousands of others in South Africa. His challenge. That bench now had concentrated in it all the evils of a system he could not understand and he felt a victim of. It was the obstacle between himself and humanity. If he sat on it, he was a man. If he was afraid he denied himself membership as a human being in a human society. He almost had visions of righting this pernicious system, if he only sat down on that bench. Here was his chance. He, Karlie, would challenge.

He seemed perfectly calm when he sat down on the bench, but inside his heart was thumping wildly. Two conflicting ideas now throbbed through him. The one said, "I have no right to sit on this bench." The other was the voice of a new religion and said, "Why have I no right to sit on this bench?" The one voice spoke of the past, of the servile position he had occupied on the farm, of his father and his father's father who were born black, lived like blacks, and died like mules. The other voice spoke of new horizons and said, "Karlie, you are a man. You have dared what your father and your father's father would not have dared. You will die like a man."

Karlie took out a cigarette and smoked. Nobody seemed to notice his sitting there. This was an anticlimax. The world still pursued its monotonous way. No voice had shouted, "Karlie has conquered!" He was a normal human being sitting on a bench in a busy station, smoking a cigarette. Or was this his victory: the fact that he was a normal human being? A well-dressed white woman walked down the platform. Would she sit on the bench? Karlie wondered. And then that gnawing voice, "You should stand and let the white woman sit!" Karlie narrowed his eyes and gripped tighter at his cigarette. She swept past him without the slightest twitch of an eyelid and continued walking down the platform. Was

she afraid to challenge—to challenge his right to be a human being? Karlie now felt tired. A third conflicting idea was now creeping in, a compensatory idea which said, "You sit on this bench because you are tired; you are tired, therefore you sit." He would not move because he was tired, or was it because he wanted to sit where he liked? . . .

"Get off this seat!"

Karlie did not hear the gruff voice. . . .

"I said get off the bench, you swine!" Karlie suddenly whipped back to reality. For a moment he was going to jump up, then he remembered who he was and why he was sitting there. He suddenly felt very tired. He looked up slowly into a very red face that stared down at him.

"Get up!" it said. "There are benches down there for you."

Karlie looked up and said nothing. He stared into a pair of sharp, gray cold eyes.

"Can't you hear me speaking to you? You black swine!"

Slowly and deliberately Karlie puffed at the cigarette. This was his test. They both stared at each other, challenged with the eyes, like two boxers, each knowing that they must eventually trade blows yet each afraid to strike first.

"Must I dirty my hands on scum like you?"

Karlie said nothing. To speak would be to break the spell, the supremacy he felt was slowly gaining.

An uneasy silence, then: "I will call a policeman rather than soil my hands on a Hotnot [Hottentot, savage] like you. You can't even open up your black jaw when a white man speaks to you."

Karlie saw the weakness. The white man was afraid to take action himself. He, Karlie, had won the first round of the bench dispute.

A crowd had now collected. . . . Karlie merely puffed on.

"Look at the black ape. That's the worst of giving these kaffirs [niggers] enough rope."

"I can't understand it. They have their own benches!"

"Don't get up! You have every right to sit there!"

"He'll get up when a policeman comes!"

"I've said before, I've had a native servant once, and a more impertinent . . ."

Karlie sat and heard nothing. Irresolution had *now* turned to determination. Under no condition was he going to get up. They could do what they liked.

"So this is the fellow, eh! Get up there! Can't you read?"

The policeman was towering over him. Karlie could see the crest on his buttons and the wrinkles in his neck.

As "The Bench" indicates, some whites in South Africa struggle side by side with Africans to eliminate racial discrimination. Here a white woman, Mary Anderson, garlanded in farewell flowers, gives the unity sign as she leaves her friends to serve a prison term for distributing literature advocating the rights of black South Africans.

"What is your name and address? Come on!"

Karlie still maintained his obstinate silence. It took the policeman rather unawares. The crowd was growing every minute.

"You have no right to speak to this man in such a manner!" It was the white lady in the blue dress.

"Mind your own business! I'll ask your help when I need it. It's people like you who make these *kaffirs* [niggers] think they're as good as white men. Get up, you!" The last remark was addressed to Karlie.

"I insist that you treat him with proper respect."

The policeman turned red.

"This . . . this . . ." He was lost for words.

"Kick up the Hotnot if he won't get up!" shouted a spectator. Rudely a white man laid hands on Karlie.

"Get up, you bloody bastard!" Karlie turned to resist, to cling to the bench, his bench. There was more than one man pulling at him. He hit out wildly and then felt a dull pain as somebody rammed a fist into his face. He was bleeding now and wild-eyed. He would fight for it. The constable clapped a pair of handcuffs on him and tried to clear a way through the crowd. Karlie still struggled. A blow or two landed on him. Suddenly he relaxed and slowly struggled to his feet. It was useless to fight any longer. Now it was his turn to smile. He had challenged and won. Who cared [about] the rest?

"Come on, you swine!" said the policeman forcing Karlie through the crowd.

"Certainly!" said Karlie for the first time. And he stared at the policeman with all the arrogance of one who dared to sit on a "European bench."

*The Cracking Myth**

[EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: At the base of the colonial philosophy was the myth that European culture was superior to African culture, that white men were "civilized" and "moral" while black men were "backward" and "savage." It follows, of course, that these "clean" white men should not mix with the "dirty" black men: hence the practice of racial segregation.

Another part of this myth, perhaps less cruel but no less insidious, was the idea that "colored people" were children and needed guidance. Thus it became the "white man's burden" to help these poor, unfortunate people to grow up. Nothing was more infuriating to the Africans than this patronizing attitude. And when the Europeans used this myth to obstruct African independence, counseling the Africans to "go slow," "wait until you are ready" (by which they meant fifty or one hundred years), the Africans answered with a resounding "Freedom Now!"

The following selection deals with the myth of the African "child." The author, Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, is one of the leading nationalists of white-controlled Rhodesia and founder of the Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU), a Rhodesian independence party. For his or-

* From *African Nationalism* (First Edition), by Ndabaningi Sithole, published by the Oxford University Press in 1962.

ganizing activities, he was placed in "indefinite detention" in 1965 by the Rhodesian government, and he is still not free.

Rev. Sithole came to the United States in 1955 to study for the Bachelor of Divinity degree at the Andover-Newton Theological Seminary, near Boston. In his book *African Nationalism,* he describes his departure from the United States:

> In June, 1958, I graduated, and I went to the Immigration Office to present myself for departure from the United States.
>
> "Why, man," cried the immigration official. "This is an immigrant's visa. You can now become a citizen of the United States if you like to."
>
> "I'm aware of that," I said, "but I must go home."
>
> "But don't you like it here?" he cried.
>
> "I like it very much."
>
> "You see, you have been in this country for almost four years. You are not treated as a student who must return on completion of his course of study. You are treated as an immigrant. This is very important for you."
>
> "In a way you're right," I said, "but I must return home."
>
> "You are not free in your country, are you?" he asked, trying to knock some sense into my head.
>
> "That's why I must return home," I said.
>
> "To be unfree?" he asked, his eyes growing bigger.
>
> "To free my country," I said simply.
>
> "I see. Good luck to you, fellow."

Rev. Sithole has not freed his country yet, but some progress has been made. In 1962, when *African Nationalism* first appeared, the selection that follows was called "The Cracking Myth"; in 1969, when a new edition appeared, this piece was retitled "The Cracked Myth" and rewritten to take account of changing attitudes. The earlier version is presented here to give an idea of the nationalist movement as it was unfolding ten years ago.

As you read this selection, think of these questions:

What helped the Africans to recognize the white myth?

Why is the "time" argument irrelevant?]

. . . One might compare the early relation between black and white to that between child and parent. So long as the child is dependent upon the parents, they easily secure his loyalty and obedience, and so long as the child remains child, there is always something mythical about parents, from the viewpoint of the child.

My wife, when she was 10, and not my wife then, used to think her mother was a wonderful woman because she had brought into the world her four brothers and two sisters, and when her mother told her that one day she would also bring babies into the world, she used to say, "No. Impossible. I am not like you." Her mother was always a mystery to her.

But since then my wife has brought five children into the world, and when her mother reminded her of what she used to say, she would only smile, as if to say, "I should have known better." As long as she was ignorant of the facts of childbirth, the myth about her mother held together and presented an impenetrable wall to her, but as soon as she knew the facts of childbirth, the mystery fell asunder and shattered altogether, never to be reconstructed.

As soon as the African knew how to read and write, how to drive and repair an automobile, how to build a modern house and install modern plumbing, how to operate properly on a human body, how to run a business properly, how to do countless other things that his white god did, why, the myth fell asunder, never to come together again. As long as the

African did not know these things, the myth remained intact, impressive and impenetrable. To cry for the return of the myth is like crying for the return of general ignorance in a world of general enlightenment. The tide of human affairs today does not permit the comfortable existence of myths, be they black or white or yellow or brown. . . .

But apart from these forces we have described, there are also other forces contributing to the de-mythification of the white man in Africa. The presence of independent sovereign African states has had an important role to play in this whole process. There was a time when it looked as though the natural ruler of Africa was not the African, but the white man. History, however, has partly reversed this, and now it looks as though the white man, after all, is not the natural ruler of Africa. The overthrowing of European imperialism in Asia, the United Nations' strong stand against gunpowder diplomacy, the U.S. Supreme Court decision to terminate segregation in all public schools, and the powerful voice of India against European imperialism in Africa have all contributed to this de-mythification going on everywhere in Africa.

There was a time when the white man used to argue thus: It has taken the white man two thousand years to arrive at his present stage of Western civilization, and the African, who has no civilization to speak of, has no right to clamor for full admission in this civilization until he also has done his stint, that is, two thousand years.

The African used to accept this for he had no way of refuting it. But suddenly it dawned on his consciousness that, even if he accepted this mathematical proposition of 2,000 years, when he had finished his term of apprenticeship the white man would still say to the African: "It took the white

man 4,000 years to be where he is." Thus, the thinking African sees in the time factor the white man's persistent refusal to share with him the common things of life. . . .

The time factor, which has been one of the strongest arguments the white man has been using, is losing its impact on the African. Because it has taken one race five centuries to build up an imposing civilization, it does not follow that the next race must take the same period. Every succeeding generation stands on the shoulders of the preceding one and hence can see further afield than its predecessors; otherwise there would be no such thing as the evolution of the human race. Modern conditions have rendered the time factor almost meaningless.

There was a time when the African used to accept the time-factor argument against him. The absence of an imposing black man's civilization, his little round pole-and-mud huts in Central Africa and round grass huts in Natal, the half-nakedness found all over Africa, and the lack of modern conveniences in African villages were pointed out to him again and again in a most convincing manner, and it was said that, in view of these backward conditions, it would take hundreds of years before he would measure up to Western standards. What is more important is that the African believed it.

But he now sees the arguments of the white man shattered to pieces. Illiterate African mothers have given birth to sons who became men of letters; the mud-and-pole hut-keepers, to modern African housewives; the mother who trembles at and runs away from the sound of a car has a son who drives a taxi; the mother who has never travelled beyond a radius of thirty miles from her village has a son who has been around the world; the mother who speaks only one language,

spoken by half a million people, has a son or a daughter who speaks a language spoken by many millions of people, and who speaks at least two languages in addition to her own; and millions of African Christians have non-Christian African mothers. The African is deeply impressed to note that many teachers and politicians were born in mud-and-pole huts, that many African lawyers and doctors were goatherds, and that most African business men once belonged to these humble circumstances.

How does an African reconcile the argument that it takes centuries to civilize him, when under his very nose there are Africans who have telescoped three centuries in themselves alone? How shall he believe this argument when a Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, born in a bamboo hut, son of a polygynous father, scales the Ghana political peak? More than ever before, the African begins to believe that it is not the race, or nation, or tribe, or even a family that matters. In the final analysis, it is the individual, black or white, that matters. . . .

*The New Politics**

[EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: To destroy Africans' belief in the white myths was one thing, but to change the politics of the continent was quite another.

The colonial regimes controlled all the centers of power: the government, the army, the schools, and, most important, the jobs. Africans' attempts to bargain with the Europeans won little more than token concessions. It became obvious that a more powerful force was needed to bring real change. That new force was mass movements. As Kwame Nkrumah pointed out: "A middle-class elite, without the battering ram of the illiterate masses, can never hope to smash the forces of colonialism. Such a thing can be achieved only by a united people organized in a disciplined political party and led by that party."

Nkrumah led the way in black Africa by organizing such a party in Ghana. On June 12, 1949, in Accra, he announced before 60,000 cheering people the creation of the Convention People's Party (CPP). The motto of the party was simple and dramatic: "Self-government NOW!" The program of the party, Nkrumah said, would be based on

* Abridged from pp. 51–55, 58–60 in *Black Power* by Richard Wright. Copyright 1954 by Richard Wright. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Row, Publishers, and Paul R. Reynolds, Inc.

"positive action," by which he meant nonviolent protest similar to the passive resistance practiced by Mahatma Gandhi in India. According to the theory of this program, if the colonial government were to wake up one morning to find the shops closed, the busses stalled, and the offices empty, it might get the idea that it had no country to govern and therefore depart. The theory was tried out and proved to work. On March 6, 1957, after several strikes but without a bloody confrontation, Ghana became the first independent nation in black Africa, and Nkrumah became prime minister.

It took a remarkable man to lead such a mass movement and Kwame Nkrumah was just that. Born in 1909, the son of a poor goldsmith, he worked his way through school and college in Ghana and, with the financial help of an uncle, set sail for the United States in 1935. Four years later he was graduated from Lincoln University, in Pennsylvania, with a Bachelor's degree in economics and sociology. He then studied theology at Lincoln, earned graduate degrees in education and philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania, and eventually returned to Lincoln to teach political science. In 1945 he left for London to complete work on his doctorate and to study law.

Life was not easy for Nkrumah during the years in the United States. He was poor (and black), and to support himself he worked in a soap factory, sold fish on Harlem streets, and washed dishes on ships. Despite these hardships, however, he left the United States after ten years with a sense of hope. Sailing out of New York Harbor, he looked at the Statue of Liberty and said, "I shall never rest until I have carried your message to Africa."

The following selection describes how Nkrumah carried that message to the masses of Ghana, transforming them into a "battering ram" of political power. The author is Richard Wright, the renowned black American writer, who went to Ghana in 1953 to see for himself what Nkrumah was accomplishing.

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As you read this selection, think of these questions:

How would you describe the attitude of the people toward Nkrumah?

What did Nkrumah achieve that the Europeans failed to achieve?]

. . . Next morning a phone call came from the Prime Minister's office; I was told that at four o'clock I'd be picked up by the Prime Minister's car and that I'd see "something."

And at four o'clock a sleek car entered the driveway. A uniformed chauffeur stepped out and saluted me; I climbed into the back seat. As we went through the city black faces jerked around, recognizing the car. We came to the Prime Minister's residence and pulled into a driveway. I got out and young black faces smiled at me. A few policemen hovered in the background. I was led forward into a red, two-story brick dwelling that looked remarkably like a colonial mansion in Georgia or Mississippi. I followed my guide upstairs, down a hallway, and into a living room.

The Prime Minister, dressed in a smock, was standing in the middle of the floor.

"Welcome!" he said.

"I'm glad to see you and your people," I told him.

"How are you?"

"Fine, but panting to see your party and your comrades."

He laughed. He presented me to a series of his friends whose strange names I did not recall, then we sat down.

"I want to take you on a quick tour of the city," he told me.

"I'm truly honored."

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"Nothing has been prepared. I want you to see how these people respond to our appeals—"

"What's going to happen in July?" I asked, referring to the coming meeting of the Legislative Assembly.

The Prime Minister threw back his head and laughed. I got used, in time, to that African laughter. It was not caused by mirth; it was a way of indicating that, though they were not going to take you into their confidence, their attitude was not based upon anything hostile.

"You are direct," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"You'll have to wait and see," he told me. . . .

His colleagues drew him into a discussion that was conducted in tribal language; when it was over, he announced:

"Let's go!"

His personal bodyguard stood at attention; it was composed of hand-picked militants and faithfuls of the Convention People's Party. He led the way and I followed down into the street where his motorcycle escort, dressed in scarlet, stood lined up near their machines. The Prime Minister waved his hand to signal that all was ready. The motorcyclists raced their engines to a deafening roar; then they pulled slowly into the street, leading the way. The Prime Minister's car, with the Prime Minister seated on my right, followed.

The sun was still shining as we moved slowly forward. The drone of the motorcycles attracted the attention of people on both sides of the street and, spontaneously, men, women, and children abandoned what they were doing and fronted the car. Others rushed pellmell out of shacks, their faces breaking into wide, glad smiles, and, lifting their hands up-

ward with their elbows at the level of their hips, palms fronting forward . . . they shouted a greeting to the Prime Minister in a tone of voice compounded of passion, exhortation, and contained joy:

"Free—dooom! Free—dooom!"

Ahead of the car the sides of the streets turned black with faces. We reached a wide roadway and the crowds swirled, shouting:

"Free—dooom! Free—dooom!"

"Kwame! Kwame!" They shouted his name.

"Fight! Fight!"

"Akwaba! Akwaba!" ("Welcome! Welcome!")

Kwame Nkrumah, African nationalist hero, waves to a cheering crowd of his fellow countrymen gathered in Accra to celebrate the end of the Gold Coast colony and the birth of the independent state of Ghana. Under Nkrumah's dynamic leadership, Ghana won its freedom on March 6, 1957, paving the way for other black African states.

The road turned into a black river of eager, hopeful, glad faces whose trust tugged at the heart. The crowds grew thicker. The shouting sounded like a cataract. The Prime Minister, smiling, laughing, lifted his right hand as he returned their salute.

The road led into a slum area, and the Prime Minister turned to me and said:

"This is James Town. I want you to see this too. . . . I want you to see all we have, the good and the bad."

The narrow streets filled quickly and the car plowed slowly through . . . crowds of men, women, and children who chanted:

"Free—dooooom!"

Many of the women waved their hands in that strange, quivering gesture of welcome which seemed to be common to the entire Gold Coast; it consisted of lifting the hand, but, instead of waving the hand as one did in the West, one held the arm still and shook the palm of the hand nervously and tremblingly from side to side, making the fingers vibrate.

"Free—dooooom!"

My mind flew back to the many conversations that I'd had in Chicago, New York, London, Paris, Rome, Buenos Aires about freedom . . . and I could hear again in my memory the tersely deprecating question shot at me across a dinner table:

"Freedom? What do you mean, *freedom?"*

But here in Africa "freedom" was more than a word; an African had no doubts about the meaning of the word "freedom." It meant the right to public assembly, the right to physical movement, the right to make known his views, the right to elect men of his choice to public office, and the right to recall them if they failed in their promises. At a time

when the Western world grew embarrassed at the sound of the word "freedom," these people knew that it meant the right to shape their own destiny as they wished. Of that they had no doubt, and no threats could intimidate them about it; they might be cowed by guns and planes, but they'd not change their minds about the concrete nature of the freedom that they wanted and were willing to die for. . . .

The crowds, milling in and out of the space between the motorcycles and the Prime Minister's car, chanted:

"Free—dooooom!"

The passionate loyalty of this shouting crowd had put this man in power, had given him the right to speak for them, to execute the mandate of national liberation that they had

Political rallies, some involving thousands of people, helped to organize the African masses, whose force finally turned the tide in favor of independence after World War II.

placed in his hands; and, because he'd said he'd try, they'd galvanized into a whole that was 4,000,000 strong, demanding an end to their centuries-old thralldom. Though still mainly tribal, though 90 per cent illiterate, they wanted to be free of an alien flag, wanted the sovereignty of their own will in their own land. And they had melted their tribal differences into an instrument to form a bridge between tribalism and twentieth-century forms of political mass organization. The women who danced and shouted were washerwomen, cooks, housewives, etc.

"Free—dooom! Free—dooom!" rang deafeningly in my ears.

"They believe in you," I said to the Prime Minister.

"Four years ago a demonstration like this was impossible," he told me. "These were a cowed and frightened people. Under the British it would have been unheard of for people to sing and shout and dance like this. . . . We changed all that. When I came from London in 1948, the mood of these people was terrible. They trusted nothing and nobody. They'd been browbeaten so long by both the black leaders and the British that they were afraid to act."

* * *

We came at last to a block of cement houses; from windows and doorways black faces shouted and called:

"Kwame! Kwame!"

"Free—dooom! Free—doooom!"

The car stopped and the Prime Minister got out; I followed him.

"What is this?" I asked him.

"This is a meeting of the Women's Division of the party," he told me.

We entered a concrete compound and sat as the meeting, dedicated to reorganization and installment of new officers, got under way. A tall black woman led a chant:

"Forward ever, backward never . . ."

There was a relaxed, genial atmosphere; now and then an easy laugh floated over the crowd. The men, clad in their native togas, sat in the rear, rising occasionally to aid in making seating arrangements. In front sat about two hundred women also clad in their native clothes and, for this ceremony, they wore an enormous amount of gold in their ears, around their necks, on their arms and fingers. . . .

A psalm was sung in English. Next, an African of the Christian persuasion stepped forward and, in English, led the group in prayer. Then came a pagan chief with his umbrella, his staff, his "linguist," and proceeded to pour a libation of corn wine to the dead ancestors. The two religions nestled snugly, cheek by jowl, and the setting sun shone as calmly as usual; there was not a tremor in the universe. . . . After he emptied the bowl by dribbling the corn wine upon the ground, the chief had the bowl filled again and he passed it around to each person nearby and they took three sips. (Three is the lucky number among many Africans of the Gold Coast.)

A series of speakers rose, both men and women, and, in a mixture of English and tribal tongues, exhorted the women to give all their support to the Leader, to the Convention People's Party, and to the struggle for national liberation. To this . . . was added still another ingredient; a woman rose and proclaimed: "I'm Mrs. Nkrumah!"

A howl of laughter rose from the women. Puzzled, I looked at the Prime Minister; he grinned at me, and said:

"It's a joke."

"I *am* Mrs. Nkrumah!" the woman said in a voice that sought to still all doubts.

The Prime Minister rose and, sweeping his arms to include all the women, said:

"You are *all* my brides!"

The women laughed and clapped. Nkrumah, of course, was a bachelor.

"I have to say that to them," he whispered to me as he sat again. "Now, tell me, do you understand what you are looking at?"

"You have fused tribalism with modern politics," I said.

"That's exactly it," he said. "Nobody wanted to touch these people. The missionaries would go just so far and no farther toward them. One can only organize them by going where they are, living with them, eating with them, sharing their lives. We are making a special drive to enlist women in the party; they have been left out of our national life long enough. In the words of Lenin, I've asked the cooks to come out of their kitchens and learn how to rule."

The new women officials to be installed were called to come forward and stand fronting the Prime Minister. A short statement of aims and duties was read to them and, at the end, each woman was asked to raise her right hand and repeat the following oath (I'm paraphrasing this from memory):

"I pledge with all my life my support to the Convention People's Party, and to my leader, Kwame Nkrumah; I swear to follow my Leader's guidance, to execute faithfully his commands, to resist with all my power all imperialist attempts to disrupt our ranks, to strive with all of my heart to rebuild our lost nation, Ghana, so help me God!" . . .

*The Congo Wins Freedom**

[EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: In the hearts of many Africans, Patrice Lumumba holds a place equal to that of Kwame Nkrumah. On June 30, 1960, at age 35, Lumumba became the first prime minister of the independent Congo. Only a few months later, in early 1961, he was abducted and killed by political enemies who were said to be supported by the Belgians, former rulers of the Congo. Although his career was brief, Lumumba's life and death have come to symbolize the experience of the Congo: the victory over the Belgians and the bloody conflicts that have riddled the Congo since then.

Unlike the British and the French, the Belgians did not include many Africans in the colonial government, or permit the formation of political parties. As a result, the Congolese were not well trained for administering their country after independence; nor were they united, as other countries were, by a powerful independence party. The result was chaos, created by internal dissention. Only now—ten years after independence—does the Congo seem to be on the way to peaceful development.

The roots of the Congo's difficult beginning as an inde-

* From *Africa Speaks* by James Duffy and Robert A. Manners, Copyright © 1961, by James Duffy and Robert A. Manners, by permission of Van Nostrand Reinhold Company.

pendent nation can be found in the colonial past. The Belgians took a highly paternalistic attitude toward "their" Africans. They treated them like children, which meant they took care of their simple immediate needs but totally neglected their long-range requirements. For example, the Congolese had better medical care than most Africans, but they had no doctors of their own; they had better housing, but no engineers; they had highly developed industry, but no technicians. In 1960 about 75 per cent of the Congolese children were enrolled in school, but there were only 12 African college graduates in the whole country. The foundation for building a nation, then, was weak, but the desire for freedom—the refusal to be treated like children—was as strong in the Congo as everywhere else in Africa.

In the following selection, Patrice Lumumba, speaking at Independence Day ceremonies attended by the King of Belgium, recalls some of the injustices the Congolese suffered under Belgian rule and outlines his program for the future.

As you read this selection, think of these questions:

What are some of the problems facing the Congo?

What are the ideals of the new government?]

Your Majesty,
Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen,
Congolese men and women,
fighters for independence who today are victorious,
I salute you in the name of the Congolese government.

I ask of you all, my friends who have ceaselessly struggled at our side, that this 30th of June, 1960, may be preserved as an illustrious date etched indelibly in your hearts, a date whose meaning you will teach proudly to your children, so

that they in turn may pass on to their children and to their grandchildren the glorious story of our struggle for liberty.

For if independence of the Congo is today proclaimed in agreement with Belgium, a friendly nation with whom we are on equal footing, yet no Congolese worthy of the name can ever forget that it has been by struggle that this independence has been gained, a continuous and prolonged struggle, an ardent and idealistic struggle, a struggle in which we have spared neither our strength nor our privations, neither our suffering nor our blood.

Of this struggle, one of tears, fire, and blood, we are proud to the very depths of our being, for it was a noble and just struggle, absolutely necessary in order to bring to an end the humiliating slavery which had been imposed upon us by force.

This was our fate during eighty years of colonial rule; our wounds are still too fresh and painful for us to be able to erase them from our memories.

We have known the backbreaking work exacted from us in exchange for salaries which permitted us neither to eat enough to satisfy our hunger, nor to dress and lodge ourselves decently, nor to raise our children as the beloved creatures that they are.

We have known the mockery, the insults, the blows submitted to morning, noon and night because we were *"nègres."* Who will forget that to a Negro one used the familiar term of address, not, certainly, as to a friend, but because the more dignified forms were reserved for whites alone?

We have known the law was never the same, whether dealing with a white or a Negro; that it was accommodating for the one, cruel and inhuman to the other.

We have known the atrocious suffering of those who were imprisoned for political opinion or religious beliefs: exiles in

their own country, their fate was truly worse than death itself.

We have known that in the cities there were magnificent houses for the whites and crumbling hovels for the Negroes, that a Negro was not admitted to movie theaters or restaurants, that he was not allowed to enter so-called "European" stores, that when the Negro traveled, it was on the lowest level of a boat, at the feet of the white man in his de luxe cabin.

And, finally, who will forget the hangings or the firing squads where so many of our brothers perished, or the cells into which were brutally thrown those who escaped the soldiers' bullets—the soldiers whom the colonialists made the instruments of their domination?

From all this, my brothers, have we deeply suffered.

But all this, however, we who by the vote of your elected representatives are directed to guide our beloved country, we who have suffered in our bodies and in our hearts from colonialist oppression, we it is who tell you—all this is henceforth ended.

The Republic of the Congo has been proclaimed, and our beloved country is now in the hands of its own children.

Together, my brothers, we are going to start a new struggle, a sublime struggle, which will lead our country to peace, prosperity and greatness.

Together we are going to establish social justice and ensure for each man just remuneration for his work.

We are going to show the world what the black man can do when he works in freedom, and we are going to make the Congo the hub of all Africa.

We are going to be vigilant that the lands of our nation truly profit our nation's children.

We are going to re-examine all former laws, and make new ones which will be just and noble.

We are going to put an end to suppression of free thought and make it possible for all citizens fully to enjoy the fundamental liberties set down in the declaration of the Rights of Man.

Patrice Lumumba, nationalist leader and first prime minister of the independent Congo, is carried through the streets of Leopoldville on his return from Belgium only a few months before independence on June 30, 1960. The signs say "Long Live the Unity of the Congo" and "Long Live the Nationalist Congolese Movement (M.N.C.)," the independence party organized by Lumumba.

We are going to succeed in suppressing all discrimination —no matter what it may be—and give to each individual the just place to which his human dignity, his work, and his devotion to his country entitle him.

We shall cause to reign, not the peace of guns and bayonets, but the peace of hearts and good will.

And for all this, dear compatriots, rest assured that we shall be able to count upon not only our own enormous forces and immense riches, but also upon the assistance of numerous foreign countries whose collaboration we shall accept only as long as it is honest and does not seek to impose upon us any political system, whatever it may be.

In this domain, even Belgium, who, finally understanding the sense and direction of history, has no longer attempted to oppose our independence, is ready to accord us its aid and friendship, and a treaty to this effect has just been signed between us as two equal and independent countries. This cooperation, I am sure, will prove profitable for both countries. For our part, even while remaining vigilant, we shall know how to respect commitments freely consented to.

Thus, in domestic as well as in foreign affairs, the new Congo which my government is going to create will be a rich country, a free and prosperous one. But in order that we may arrive at this goal without delay, I ask you all, legislators and Congolese citizens, to help me with all your power.

I ask you all to forget tribal quarrels which drain our energies and risk making us an object of scorn among other nations.

I ask the parliamentary minority to help my government by constructive opposition and to remain strictly within legal and democratic bounds.

I ask you all not to demand from one day to the next unconsidered raises in salary before I have had the time to set in motion an over-all plan through which I hope to assure the prosperity of the nation.

I ask you all not to shrink from any sacrifice in order to assure the success of our magnificent enterprises.

I ask you all, finally, to respect unconditionally the life and

the property of your fellow citizens and of the foreigners established in our country. If the behavior of these foreigners leaves something to be desired, our justice will be prompt in expelling them from the territory of the Republic; if, on the other hand, their conduct is satisfactory, they must be left in peace, for they also are working for the prosperity of our country.

And so, my brothers in race, my brothers in conflict, my compatriots, this is what I wanted to tell you in the name of the government, on this magnificent day of our complete and sovereign Independence.

Our government—strong, national, popular—will be the salvation of this country.

Homage to the Champions of National Liberty!

Long Live Independent and Sovereign Congo!

*Kenya: The Man and the Elephant**

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: Resistance to African demands for independence was strongest in countries that had large communities of white settlers. The settlers' grandparents and great-grandparents had come to Africa—much as immigrants came to America—to find a new place in the sun; they came to stay, and as long as they stayed they planned to rule.

Such a situation existed in Kenya, where in 1934 some two thousand English settlers controlled 6½ million acres of the best land, or approximately 2,530 acres per settler, as compared to only seven acres (of poorer land) per African. The settlers were either given the land outright by the colonial government or bought it for a few cents per acre. They developed this land into profitable coffee and tea plantations and considered the land theirs by right of law and labor; thus they were reluctant to give it back to the Africans.

Most of this land had been taken from the Kikuyu people, a Bantu tribe of farmers living in the fertile highlands of central Kenya. Hence the settler territory became known as the "White Highland." By 1948 there were 30,000 Europeans living in Kenya, 9,000 of whom were settlers. The

* From *African Nationalism* (First Edition), by Ndabaningi Sithole, published by the Oxford University Press in 1962.

Europeans represented less than 1 per cent of the total Kenyan population of 5½ million (today 10 million), but they controlled about 25 per cent of the best land.

While the Europeans were taking their land, the Kikuyu were restricted to reserves too small to support them. Unable to subsist by farming, many Kikuyu were forced to work for white settlers (on land they felt was theirs) or to migrate to the cities, where the colonial government needed labor and domestic help. Indeed, the colonial land grab was part of a deliberate attempt to make Africans work for the Europeans. (See "The Coming of Pink Cheeks" in Unit IV.)

This white settler, who controls 5,000 acres of fertile land in Kenya, here negotiates with African squatters who have settled on his land because "we have nowhere else to go." Many Africans who were pushed off their land by whites during the colonial period returned after independence.

African laborers fared little better than African farmers. In 1952 their average income was only $74 per year; the Europeans averaged $1,739. Naturally, the Africans, par-

ticularly the Kikuyu, objected to such injustices. Colonial commission after colonial commission studied the situation, but nothing was ever done. Finally, in 1952 the desperate and land-starved Kikuyu organized an open rebellion known as Mau Mau. (The phrase "Mau Mau" has no meaning in the Kikuyu language. It was simply the name used derisively by the British to describe the Kikuyu movement for independence that exploded in 1952.)

The following selection, from Ndabaningi Sithole's *African Nationalism*, contains a fable about the loss of Kikuyu land written by the most famous of all Kikuyu, Jomo Kenyatta, now president of Kenya. After spending 15 years in England, where he earned a Ph.D. in anthropology and wrote *Facing Mt. Kenya*, one of the best studies of an African tribe by a member of that tribe, Kenyatta returned to Africa in 1946 to lead the struggle for Kenyan independence. Kenyatta was jailed from 1952-59 on the charge that he organized the Mau Mau movement, a charge that he has consistently denied. Indeed, the man who testified against him was found to have lied during the trial.

As you read this selection, think of these questions:

Why did the commission support the elephant?

How does Sithole justify the Mau Mau revolt?]

We may be excused if we quote at great length, but we feel compelled to do so that we may show what happens when a legitimate challenge is not met honestly by powers-that-be. Jomo Kenyatta . . . described relations between the Kikuyu and the Europeans in Kenya as follows:

An elephant made friendship with a man. Driven by a heavy thunderstorm, the elephant sought shelter in the man's hut that was on the edge of the forest. The elephant

was allowed partial admission, but eventually he evicted the man from his hut and took full possession of the hut, saying: "My dear good friend, your skin is harder than mine, and there is not enough room for both of us. You can afford to remain in the rain while I am protecting my delicate skin from the hailstorm."

A dispute between the elephant and the man ensued. This attracted the notice of the King of the Jungle. In the interest of peace and good order the Lion assured the grumbling man that he would appoint a Commission of Inquiry: "You have done well by establishing friendship with my people, especially with the elephant, who is one of my honorable ministers of state. Do not grumble any more, your hut is not lost to you. Wait until the sitting of my Imperial Commission, and there you will be given plenty of opportunity to state your case. I am sure you will be pleased with the findings of the Commission."

The Commission was duly appointed. It comprised (1) Mr. Rhinoceros; (2) Mr. Buffalo; (3) Mr. Alligator; (4) The Rt. Hon. Mr. Fox to act as chairman; and (5) Mr. Leopard to act as Secretary to the Commission. The man asked that one of his kind be included on the Commission, but he was assured that none of his kind was educated enough to understand the intricacy of jungle law, and that the members of the Commission were God-chosen and would execute their business with justice.

The elephant gave his evidence: "Gentlemen of the Jungle, there is no need for me to waste your valuable time in relating a story which I am sure you all know. I have always regarded it as my duty to protect the interests of my friends, and this appears to have caused the misunderstanding between myself and my friend here. He invited me to save his hut from being blown away by a hurricane. As the hurricane had gained access owing to the unoccupied space in the hut, I considered it necessary, in my friend's own interests, to turn the undeveloped space to a more economic use by sitting in it myself; a duty which any of you would undoubtedly have performed with equal readiness in similar circumstances."

Next the man gave interrupted evidence and the Commission delivered its verdict as follows: "In our opinion

this dispute has arisen through a regrettable misunderstanding due to the backwardness of your ideas. We consider that Mr. Elephant has fulfilled his sacred duty of protecting your interests. As it is clearly for your good that the space should be put to its economic use, and as you yourself have not yet reached the age of expansion which would enable you to fill it, we consider it necessary to arrange a compromise to suit both parties. Mr. Elephant shall continue his occupation of your hut, but we give you permission to look for a site where you can build another hut more suited to your needs, and we shall see that you are well protected."

The man, fearing exposure to the teeth and claws of the members of the Commission, had no alternative. He built another hut. Mr. Rhinoceros came and occupied it. Another Commission of Inquiry was set up. The man was advised to look for a new site. This went on until all the members of the Commission had been properly housed at the expense of the man. Then the desperate man said to himself, *"Ng' enda thi ndeagaga motegi"* (There is nothing that treads on the earth that cannot be trapped; *i.e.*, You can fool people for a time, but not forever).

So the man built a big hut, and soon the lords of the jungle came and occupied the big hut. The man shut them in and set the hut on fire and all perished. The man returned home, saying: "Peace is costly, but it's worth the expense."

It is interesting to note that the above account was first published in 1938, that is, fourteen years before the Mau Mau Revolt of 1952–55. And in 1952, the Mau Mau did set Kenya on fire in sheer desperation after many British commissions of inquiry had failed to satisfy the Kikuyu. It is also interesting to note that Jomo Kenyatta's *Facing Mount Kenya* is dedicated to:

> ... Moigoi and Wamboi and all the dispossessed youth of Africa: for perpetuation of communion with ancestral spirits through the fight for African Freedom, and in the

firm faith that the dead, the living, and the unborn will unite to rebuild the destroyed shrines.

Whatever the verdict of history may be, for or against Jomo Kenyatta, the truth remains that he embodied the spirit of freedom and independence found all over Africa today. He tried to fight for the Kikuyu to be treated like human beings in the land of their birth. Everything else had failed and a revolution was the only course open to the Kikuyu. The Mau Mau Revolt was the only course open to them.

What we are trying to say here is that if the doors of democracy are deliberately shut against the Africans, some other hideous alternatives will present themselves to them.

I remember a Briton hotly arguing with an African politician. "You Africans surprise us. Before the white man came to Africa, you never clamored for these things. You did nothing except sleep."

"And while we slept we enjoyed our sleep," replied the African.

"I suggest very strongly that you resume your sleep, and stop all this nonsense about African independence," (said the Briton).

"You can't have it both ways," said the African. "You must accept the consequences of your own actions. Africa is astir and it's impossible to resume our sleep."

One African thinker put it this way, "It's no good expecting an awake African to behave as though he was still asleep." . . .

*The "Mau Mau" Revolt**

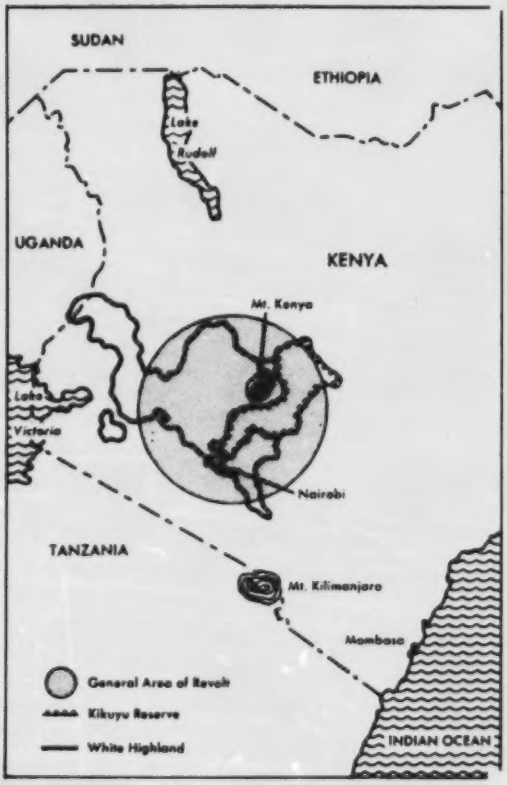
[EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: A misleading set of beliefs has developed about the "Mau Mau" Revolt. Some critics, mostly Westerners, charge that the violence of the revolt is "typical of African behavior." Nothing could be further from the truth. Most Africans—indeed, the overwhelming majority—did not resort to violence to win independence, despite conditions that history shows would have driven other people to the barricades.

It has also been charged that the "Mau Mau" used violence beyond the demands of the situation, that they practiced a brand of brutality "seldom seen by the world." It is true that the "Mau Mau" used terror against the enemy, attacking at night with knives and fire, but the British used guns and bombs. Why is one side more brutal than the other? Furthermore, during the height of the fighting, between 1953 and 1956, a total of 11,503 Kikuyu (Mau Mau) were killed as compared to only 95 Europeans and 1,920 African "loyalists."

The Mau Mau movement grew out of a militant organization called the Kikuyu Central Association (KCA), which

* Donald L. Barnett and Karari Njama, *Mau Mau from Within*, London: Macgibbon & Kee, 1966, pp. 73–75; 118–19; 137–38. Copyright © 1966 by Donald L. Barnett. Reprinted by permission of Granada Publishing Ltd. and Monthly Review Press.

had agitated for independence before World War II but was forced to go underground by the colonial government. After the war, the Kenya African Union (KAU) was formed to serve as a coordinating committee for all nationalist groups. The KCA, working within the KAU, soon came to realize



that constitutional reforms, while sanctioned by the British government, were strongly resisted by the white settlers, who looked to South Africa as a model for white control.

To prepare for a possible confrontation with the settlers, the KCA attempted to unify its ranks by requiring its mem-

bers to take oaths of loyalty. The white settlers saw this oath-taking as a "return to savagery and barbarism," and the colonial government responded by arresting 22 of the most important KCA leaders. By this time (1950), between 75 and 90 per cent of all Kikuyus had allegedly taken the oath.

The Kikuyus (or certain local groups) reacted to the ban on oath-taking, and to government attacks on oath-taking ceremonies, by attacking government buildings and police stations. The government announced a "State of Emergency" in early 1952 and declared war on the Kikuyu tribe. During the four years of the Emergency more than 80,000 Kikuyus were detained by the government, not to mention those who were killed or wounded during the actual fighting. The rebellion was eventually suppressed with the help of troops called in from England.

It is clear from the sequence of events that the Mau Mau Revolt was not a pre-planned attack on Europeans but, rather, a reaction to the uncompromising attitude of the white settlers. In a very real sense, the overreaction of the settlers to oath-taking lit the fires of the revolt.

The current world view of Mau Mau is derived mostly from British reports issued during the revolt as a form of propaganda. The following three-part selection, based on the testimony of Africans who experienced Mau Mau, attempts to provide some counterbalance for that lopsided view. The selection is by no means intended as an apology for Mau Mau; killing is inhuman no matter who practices it. Rather, it is intended to bring some light to a dark episode in Africa's struggle for independence.

The first of the three selections, "The Awakening," tells how Kenyatta stirred nationalist feeling; "The Oath" illustrates the values that unified the Kikuyu people; "The Raids" describes some of the Mau Mau attacks.

As you read this selection, keep this question in mind:

Why did the Kikuyu act the way they did?]

THE AWAKENING

It was 26 July 1952 and I sat in the Nyeri Showgrounds packed in with a crowd of over 30,000 people. The Kenya African Union (KAU) was holding a rally and it was presided over by Jomo Kenyatta. He talked first of LAND. In the Kikuyu country, nearly half of the people are landless and have an earnest desire to acquire land so that they can have something to live on.

Kenyatta pointed out that there was a lot of land lying idly in the country and only the wild game enjoy that, while Africans are starving. . . . The White Highland, he went on, together with the forest reserves which were under the government control, were taken from the Africans unjustly. . . .

The other point that Jomo Kenyatta stressed during the meeting was African FREEDOM. He raised the KAU flag to symbolize African government. He said Kenya must be freed from colonial exploitation. Africans must be given freedom of speech, freedom of movement, freedom of worship and freedom of press. Explaining this to the people, he said that with the exception of freedom of worship, . . . freedoms are severely limited with respect to the Africans. . . . Many Africans have been prosecuted for trespassing on European land or for entering a town outside their own district. I personally faced a resident magistrate, the D.C. (District Commissioner) at Nanyuki, in December 1949 charged with trespass on a European farm. Without a fine, he sentenced me to three months' imprisonment. He refused to [allow me to pay] money for the sentence.

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Jomo Kenyatta, President of Kenya, led the nationalist movement in his country. He was accused of organizing the Mau Mau, but there is no reliable evidence to support this claim. The beaded cap he wears indicates that Kenyatta is Kikuyu.

I was struck by the flag's red color in the middle of black and green, which signified blood. An hour passed without any description of the KAU flag. Most of the time I was pondering how and when we shall officially hoist that National flag to signify the Kenya African freedom. I recalled

Kenyatta's words in 1947 at a KAU rally on the same ground. "The freedom tree can only grow when you pour blood on it, but not water. I shall firmly hold the lion's jaws so that it will not bite you. Will you bear its claws?" [He was answered with great applause.]

When Kenyatta returned [to] the platform for the third time, after a few other speakers, he explained the flag. He said, "Black is to show that this is for black people. Red is to show that the blood of an African is the same color as the blood of a European. And green is to show that when we were given this country by God it was green, fertile and good but now you see the green is below the red and is suppressed." (Tremendous applause!) I tried to figure out his real meaning. What was meant by green being "suppressed" and below the red? Special Branch agents [of the government] were at the meeting recording all the speeches so Kenyatta couldn't speak his mind directly. What he said must mean that our fertile lands (green) could only be regained by the blood (red) of the African (black). That was it! The black was separated from the green by red; the African could only get his land through blood. . . .

THE OATH*

I swear before God and before all the people present here that

(1) I shall never reveal this secret of the KCA oath—which is of Kikuyu and Mumbi and which demands land and freedom—to any person who is not a member of our society. If I ever reveal it, may this oath kill me! (Repeated after each vow while biting the chest meat of a billy goat held together with the heart and lungs.)

* This oath is typical of oaths taken at Mau Mau initiation ceremonies. The initiates stood facing Mt. Kenya while they swore.—ED.

(2) I shall always help any member of our society who is in difficulty or need of help.

(3) If I am ever called, during the day or night, to do any work for this society, I shall obey.

(4) I shall on no account ever disobey the leaders of this society.

(5) If I am ever given firearms or ammunition to hide, I shall do so.

(6) I shall always give money or goods to this society whenever called upon to do so.

(7) I shall never sell land to a European or an Asian.

(8) I shall not permit intermarriage between Africans and the white community.

A British officer, supported by African police, searches a Mau Mau suspect. More than 11,000 Kikuyu were killed between 1952 and 1956.

(9) I will never go with a prostitute.

(10) I shall never cause a girl to become pregnant and leave her unmarried.

(11) I will never marry and then seek a divorce.

(12) I shall never allow any daughter to remain uncircumcised.

(13) I shall never [use] European-manufactured beer or cigarettes.

(14) I shall never spy on or otherwise sell my people to Government.

(15) I shall never help the missionaries in their Christian faith to ruin our traditional and cultural customs.

(16) I will never accept the Beecher Report [an education plan considered detrimental to African children].

(17) I shall never steal any property belonging to a member of our society.

(18) I shall obey any strike call, whenever notified.

(19) I will never retreat or abandon any of our mentioned demands but will daily increase more and stronger demands until we achieve our goals.

(20) I shall pay 62/50s. and a ram as assessed by this society as soon as I am able.

(21) I shall always follow the leadership of Jomo Kenyatta and Mbiyu Koinange.

THE RAIDS

On the night of 26 March 1953 two well-organized Mau Mau raids took place at Naivasha and Lari. The Naivasha raid was on a police post which was taken by surprise. After a short time of exchanging fire, the police guards ran away. Our warriors entered the camp, released all the prisoners, broke into the armory, and made off with all the arms and ammunition.

According to Government's report, our warriors gained 47 precision weapons, including 18 Bren and Sten guns, and 3,780 rounds of ammunition. Our warriors claimed to have

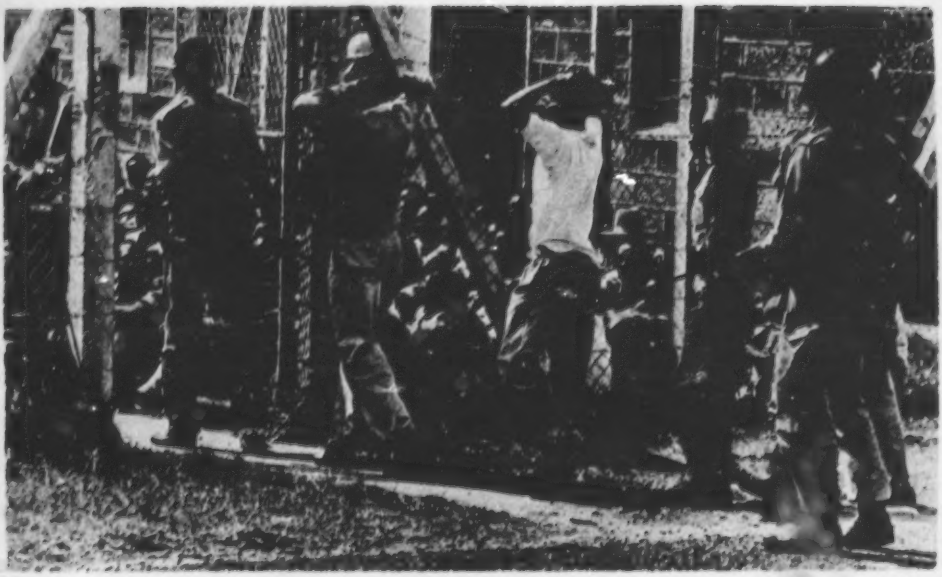
gained over 100 precision weapons from the Naivasha raid. . . .

This raid increased the strength and fame of Mau Mau. I thought they must have had good plans. The other raid was on Chief Luka of Lari and his supporters. The plan was successful. He and his wives were killed and their houses set on fire. I learned from friends who witnessed that in the morning the Government killed ten times as many persons as the ones who had been killed and set more houses on fire. It was then claimed that the whole action had been committed by Mau Mau, in which more than 100 men, women, and children had been killed. As I looked at it, there were two motives behind the Government action.

The first, a revenge which, by being uncontrolled, went beyond their intentions. The second, to disdain Mau Mau for the mercilessly unjust killing of women and children, thereby causing the sympathizers to think that the Mau Mau have lost sight of their enemies and have started killing the innocent ones and that probably the following day would be their turn. This only meant to cover [conceal] the Mau Mau aims by a horrible action to the eyes of the people.

I personally sympathized with the innocent children [who died] no matter which side killed them. But the blame cast on Mau Mau to the world by Government for the action was unfair and [false propaganda]. It only made me think that the British believe that killing by a gun or bomb is right, while killing with a *panga* [machete] is evil. To me, it made no difference whatsoever.

But who has killed more innocent women and children, British or Mau Mau? I wondered whether the bombs dropped on towns and cities by the British during the First and Second World Wars—and in their many other wars—spared the



Mutinous troops of the Kenya Rifles, the African branch of the British Army in Kenya, are shown being marched back to their barracks at gun point. Several mutinies took place during the State of Emergency, and a total of 80,000 Africans were "detained."

lives of the innocent women and children for which they were blaming us. And who dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima? How many died? Compare them with the "Lari massacre."

Radio, press, and films were used to inform the world of the barbarous, uncivilized Lari massacre. Yes, uncivilized—but the British haven't stopped it [*i.e.*, uncivilized killing of innocent people]. Neither have the civilized French, who have been killing innocent women and children in Algeria for over seven years, stopped it. This left me with the thought that the British were either blind to their own errors while they were bright in exposing their opponents' mistakes, or they were doing it deliberately for their selfish injustices.

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*The Martyr**

[EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: The flames of Mau Mau raged from 1952 to 1956, when the "State of Emergency" was finally brought to a close. Kenyans then returned to more peaceful forms of political activity and finally, on December 12, 1963, won their independence from England.

In the excitement of mass political movements, especially sensational ones like Mau Mau, individuals get lost. But, after all, it is *for* individuals that movements are formed, and it is individuals who are most affected by violence. The next reading, a short story, focuses on the lives of a few individuals, both African and European, who become "victimized" by the struggle for independence in Kenya. The author, James Ngugi, is one of Kenya's best-known writers.

As you read this selection, think of these questions:

How would you describe the Europeans' attitude toward the Africans?

Who is really to blame for the murder of Njoroge?]

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* James Ngugi. "The Martyr," in Richard Rive, ed., *Modern African Prose*, London: Heinemann, African Writers Series, 1964, pp. 204–14.

When Mr. and Mrs. Garstone were murdered in their home by unknown gangsters, there was a lot of talk about it. It was all on the front page of the daily papers and figured importantly in the Radio Newsreel. Perhaps this was so because they were the first European settlers to be killed in the increased wave of violence that had spread all over the country. The violence was said to have political motives. And wherever you went, in the marketplaces, in the Indian bazaars, in a remote African *duka* [shop], you were bound to hear something about the murder. There were a variety of accounts and interpretations.

Nowhere was the matter more thoroughly discussed than in a remote, lonely house built on a hill, which belonged, quite appropriately, to Mrs. Hill, whose husband, an old veteran settler of the pioneering period, had died the previous year after an attack of malaria, while on a visit to Uganda. Her only son and daughter were now getting their education at "home"—home being another name for England. Being one of the earliest settlers and owning a lot of land with big tea plantations sprawling right across the country, she was much respected by the others if not liked by all.

For some did not like what they considered her too-"liberal" attitude to the "natives." When Mrs. Smiles and Mrs. Hardy came into her house two days later to discuss the murder, they wore a look of sad triumph—sad because Europeans (not just Mr. and Mrs. Garstone) had been killed, and of triumph, because the essential depravity and ingratitude of the natives had been demonstrated beyond all doubt. No longer could Mrs. Hill maintain that natives could be civilized if only they were handled in the right manner.

* * *

"That's all they need. *Treat them kindly.* They will take kindly to you. Look at my 'boys.' They all love me. They would do anything I ask them to!"

That was her philosophy, and it was shared by quite a number of the liberal, progressive types. Mrs. Hill had done some liberal things to her "boys." Not only had she built some brick quarters (*brick*, mind you) but had also put up a school for the children. It did not matter if the school had not enough teachers or if the children learned only a half a day and worked in the plantations for the other half; it was more than most other settlers had the courage to do!

"It is horrible. Oh, a horrible act," declared Mrs. Smiles rather vehemently. Mrs. Hardy agreed. Mrs. Hill remained neutral.

"How could they do it? We've brought 'em civilization. We stopped slavery and tribal wars. Were they not all leading savage, miserable lives?" Mrs. Smiles spoke with all her powers of oratory. Then she concluded with a sad shake of the head. "But I've always said they'll never be civilized, simply can't take it."

"We should show tolerance," suggested Mrs. Hill. Her tone spoke more of the missionary than Mrs. Smiles' looks.

"Tolerant! Tolerant! How long shall we continue being tolerant? Who could have been more tolerant than the Garstones? Who more kind? And to think of all the squatters they maintained!"

"Well, it isn't the squatters who—"

"Who did? Who did?"

"They should all be hanged!" suggested Mrs. Hardy. There was conviction in her voice.

"And to think they were actually called from bed by their houseboy!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes. It was their houseboy who knocked at their door and urgently asked them to open. Said some people were after him—"

"Perhaps there—"

"No! It was all planned. All a trick. As soon as the door was opened, the gang rushed in. It's all in the paper."

Mrs. Hill looked away rather guiltily. She had not read her paper.

It was time for tea. She excused herself and went near the door and called out in a kind, shrill voice,

"Njoroge! Njoroge!"

Njoroge was her houseboy. He was a tall, broad-shouldered person nearing middle age. He had been in the Hills' service for more than ten years. He wore green trousers with a red clothband round the waist and a red fez on the head. He now appeared at the door and raised his eyebrows in inquiry—an action which with him accompanied the words "Yes, Memsahib?" [Yes, Madam] or "Ndio, Bwana." [Yes, Master].

"Leta chai." [Bring tea].

"Ndio, Memsahib!" and he vanished back after casting a quick glance round all the memsahibs there assembled. The conversation which had been interrupted by Njoroge's appearance was now resumed.

"They look so innocent," said Mrs. Hardy.

"Yes. Quite the innocent flower but the serpent under it." Mrs. Smiles was acquainted with Shakespeare.

"Been with me for ten years or so. Very faithful. Likes me very much." Mrs. Hill was defending her boy.

"All the same I don't like him. I don't like his face."

"The same with me."

* * *

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Supper was over. That ended Njoroge's day. He stepped out of the light into the countless shadows and then vanished into the darkness. He was following the footpath from Mrs. Hill's house to the workers' quarters down the hill. He tried to whistle to dispel the silence and loneliness that hung around him. He could not. Instead he heard the owl cry.

He stopped, stood stock-still. Below, he could perceive nothing But behind him, the immense silhouette of Mem-sahib's house—large, imposing—could be seen. He looked back intently, angrily. In his anger, he suddenly thought he was growing old.

"You. You. I've lived with you so long. And you've reduced me to this! In my own land! What have I got from you in return?" Njoroge wanted to shout to the house all this and many other things that had long accumulated in his heart. The house would not respond. He felt foolish and moved on.

Again the owl cried. Twice!

"A warning to her," Njoroge thought. And again his whole soul rose in anger—anger against all those with a white skin, all those foreign elements that had displaced the true sons of the land from their God-given place. Had God not promised Gekoyo that he would give all the land to the father of the tribe—he and his posterity? Now all the land had been taken away.

He remembered his father as he always did when these moments of anger and bitterness possessed him. He had died in the struggle—the struggle to rebuild the destroyed shrines. That was at the famous Nairobi Massacre when police fired on a people peacefully demonstrating for their right. His father was among the people who died. Since then Njoroge had had to struggle for a living—seeking employment here and there on European farms. He had met many types—

some harsh, some kind, but all dominating, giving him just what salary they thought fit for him. Then he had come to be employed by the Hills. It was a strange coincidence that he had come here. A big portion of the land now occupied by Mrs. Hill was the land his father had always shown him as belonging to the family. They had found the land occupied when his father and some of the others had temporarily retired to Muranga owing to famine. They had come back and *Ng'o!* [presto!] the land was gone.

White settlers controlled most of the best land of Kenya while Africans provided the labor. This "master-slave" relationship, illustrated here and in "The Martyr," led to sharp conflicts and finally to the Mau Mau Revolt.

"Do you see that fig tree? Remember that land is yours. Be patient. Watch these Europeans. They will go and then you can claim the land."

He was then small. After his father's death, Njoroge had forgotten all about this injunction. But when he coincidentally came here and saw the tree, he had remembered. He knew it all—all by heart. He knew where every boundary went through.

Njoroge had never liked Mrs. Hill. He had always resented her complacency in thinking she had done so much for the workers. He had worked with cruel types, like Mrs. Smiles and Mrs. Hardy. But he always knew where he stood with such. But Mrs. Hill! Her liberalism was almost smothering. Njoroge hated all settlers. He hated above all what he thought was their hypocrisy and self-satisfaction. He knew that Mrs. Hill was no exception. She was like all the others, only she loved paternalism. It convinced her she was better than the others. But she was worse. You did not know exactly where you stood with her.

All of a sudden, Njoroge shouted, "I hate them! I hate them!" Then a grim satisfaction came over him. Tonight, anyway, Mrs. Hill would die—pay for her own smug liberalism or paternalism and pay for all the sins of her settlers' race. It would be one settler less.

He came to his own room. All the other rooms belonging to the other workers had stopped smoking. The lights had even gone out in many of them. Perhaps, some were already asleep or gone to the Native Reserve to drink beer. He lit the lantern and sat on the bed. It was a very small room. Sitting on the bed one could almost touch all the corners of the room if one stretched the arms afar. Yet it was here, *here*, that he with two wives and a number of children had to live,

had in fact lived for more than five years. So crammed! Yet Mrs. Hill thought that she had done enough by just having the houses built with brick.

"Mzun sana, eh?" (very good, eh?) she was very fond of asking. And whenever she had visitors she brought them to the edge of the hill and pointed at the houses.

Again Njoroge smiled grimly to think now Mrs. Hill would pay for all this self-congratulatory piety. He also knew that he had an axe to grind. He had to avenge the death of his father and strike a blow for the occupied family land. . . .

* * *

And then he realized, all too suddenly, that he could not do it. He could not tell how, but Mrs. Hill had suddenly crystallized into a woman, a wife, somebody like Njen or Wambuu, and above all, a mother. He could not kill a woman. He could not kill a mother. He hated himself for this change. He felt agitated.

He tried hard to put himself in the other condition, his former self and see her as just a settler. As a settler, it was all easy. For Njoroge hated settlers and all Europeans. If only he could see her like this (as one among many white men or settlers) then he could do it. Without scruples.

But he could not bring back the other self. Not now, anyway. You see, he had never thought of her in these terms. Never! never! Until today. And yet he knew she was the same, and would be the same tomorrow—a patronizing, complacent woman. It was then that he knew that he was a divided man and perhaps would ever remain like that. For now it even seemed an impossible thing to snap just like that ten years of relationship, even though to him they had been

years of pain and shame. He prayed and wished there had never been injustices. Then there would never have been this rift—the rift between white and black. Then he would never have been put in this painful situation.

What was he to do now? Would he betray the "boys"? . . .

He went out.

Darkness still covered him and he could see nothing clearly. The stars above seemed to be anxiously awaiting Njoroge's decision. Then, as if their cold stare was compelling him, he began to walk, walk back to Mrs. Hill's house. He had decided to save her. Then probably he would go to the forest. There, he would forever fight with a freer conscience. That seemed excellent. It would also serve as a propitiation for his betrayal of the other "boys."

There was no time to lose. It was already late and the "boys" might come any time. So he ran with one purpose—to save the woman. At the road he heard footsteps. He stepped into the bush and lay still. He was certain that those were the "boys." He waited breathlessly for the footsteps to die. Again he hated himself for this betrayal. But how could he fail to hearken to this voice—the true Voice that speaks to all men and women of all races and all times. He ran on when the footsteps had died. It was necessary to run for, if the "boys" discovered his betrayal, he would surely meet death. But then he did not mind this. He only wanted to finish this other task first.

At last, sweating and panting, he reached Mrs. Hill's house and knocked at the door, crying, "Memsahib! Memsahib!"

Mrs. Hill had not yet gone to bed. She had sat up, a multitude of thoughts crossing her mind. Ever since that afternoon's conversation with the other women, she had felt more and more uneasy. When Njoroge went and she was left alone

she had gone to her safe and taken out her pistol, with which she was now toying. It was better to be prepared. It was unfortunate that her husband had died. He might have kept her company.

She sighed over and over again as she remembered her pioneering days. She and her husband and others had tamed the wilderness of this country and had developed a whole mass of unoccupied land. People like Njoroge now lived contented without a single worry about tribal wars. They had a lot to thank the European for.

Yet she did not like those politicians who came to corrupt the otherwise obedient and hard-working men, especially when treated kindly. She did not like this murder of the Garstones. No! She did not like it. And when she remembered the fact that she was really alone, she thought it might be better for her to move down to Nairobi or Kinangop and stay with friends a while.

But what would she do with her boys? Leave them there? She wondered. She thought of Njoroge. A queer boy. Had he many wives? Had he a large family? It was surprising even to her to find that she had lived with him so long, yet had never thought of these things. It was a shock to her. It was the first time she had ever thought of him as a man with a family. She had always seen him as a servant. Even now it seemed ridiculous to think of her houseboy as a father with a family. She sighed. This was an omission, something to be righted in future.

And then she heard a knock on the front door and a voice calling out "Memsahib! Memsahib!"

It was Njoroge's voice. Her houseboy. Sweat appeared all over her face. She could not even hear what the boy was saying, for all the circumstances of the Garstones' death came to

her. This was her end. The end of the road. So Njoroge had led them here! She trembled and felt weak.

But all of a sudden, strength came back to her. She knew she was alone. She knew they would break in. No! She would die bravely. Holding her pistol more firmly in her hand, she opened the door and quickly fired. Then a nausea came to her. She had killed a man for the first time. She felt weak and fell down crying. "Come and kill me!" She did not know that she had in fact killed her savior. Njoroge was dead.

On the following day, it was all in the papers. That a single woman could fight a gang fifty strong was bravery unknown. And to think she had killed one too!

Mrs. Smiles and Mrs. Hardy were especially profuse in their congratulations.

"We told you they're all bad."

"They are all bad," agreed Mrs. Hardy. Mrs. Hill kept quiet. The whole circumstances of Njoroge's death still worried her. The more she thought about it, the more of a puzzle it was to her. She gazed still into space. Then she let out a slow enigmatic sigh.

"I don't know," she said. "Oh! I think I *didn't* understand Njoroge."

"Don't know?"

"Yes. That's it. Inscrutable." Mrs. Smiles was triumphant. "All of them should be whipped."

"All of them should be whipped," agreed Mrs. Hardy.

Perhaps none would ever know that Njoroge was a martyr. Nor would anyone ever know that Mrs. Hill felt remorse.

*Reflections of a Leader**

[EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: Unlike Kenya, most African countries used nonviolent methods for winning independence. A leading exponent of the nonviolent approach was Kenneth Kaunda, now President of Zambia, who led his country to independence in 1964. In the following selection, Kaunda looks back on his career, recalling incidents and influences that shaped his life and therefore the life of his country. When this was written, in 1963, Kaunda was Minister of Local Government and Social Welfare in Northern Rhodesia, as Zambia was called during the colonial period.

As you read this selection, think of this question:

How do you think Kaunda's background influenced his philosophy?]

At the beginning of 1960 I was still a prisoner of Her Majesty's Government; the political party I led then had been

* Kenneth Kaunda, "Some Personal Reflections," in *Africa's Freedom*, London: George Allen & Unwin Ltd., 1964, pp. 24–29, 31–34, 36–37. Reprinted by permission of President Kaunda.

outlawed, and I was the subject of many abusive statements from high places. Today [1963], I find myself one of Her Majesty's Ministers; since 1960 I have met and talked with Mr. Harold Macmillan, Mr. Butler, President Kennedy and various other world figures. That is a long journey in a short time and it does not give a man much time to think and brood on political subjects. . . .

Let me start by setting out my early history, for it is in those first years that I find the seeds of my present political philosophy and my understanding of the needs of my own country. I look back with deep gratitude to my early years, which I spent at Lubwa, a mission station of the Church of Scotland in the Northern Province of Northern Rhodesia [Zambia]. My father, David Kaunda, was an evangelist who came to Northern Rhodesia from Livingstonia in Nyasaland. My mother, who is still living in the Chinsale District, is a woman of deep spiritual understanding, and what I know of the Christian faith I learned from her. I think I can say in all honesty that the one thing which influenced me more than any other in the first years of my life was the deep Christian faith of my parents, and the fact that I was living in a community on the Mission Station which was based on love, friendship and kindness. I think it is important to emphasize this point because it was a spiritual and psychological shock to me when I left my home and the Mission Station and found myself facing the hard realities of society in Northern Rhodesia. . . .

As a young man the two books which had the greatest influence on me were *The Life of Abraham Lincoln* and Arthur Mee's *Talks to Boys*. I realized that if a person is to get anywhere in life he will have to struggle; it was the courage and the bravery of Abraham Lincoln and the people

who are described in Arthur Mee's book which impressed me most. I hated suffering, not for myself but for others. Always when I saw another suffer, whether it was a child or a man, whether it was an African or a European, I found myself wanting to protest. I remember as a schoolboy that I used to go to the house of a certain master at the school who came to teach us from South Africa. As I swept his floor and dusted his books I would hear him talking about the sufferings of his own people in South Africa and how the only solution would be a political solution.

When I went to Mufulira as a teacher and boarding master at the school there, I very soon found that my best subject in teaching was civics. I became deeply interested in the sub-

Kenneth Kaunda, President of Zambia, waves to welcoming crowds at Lusaka Airport.

ject myself, and of course I found that my students were more attentive in that class than in any other. At that time, even as now, I was a great believer in self-help. My civics lessons did not finish in the classroom. I would persuade young boys who had no school fees to make their own little gardens to grow cabbages to sell in the market and find money.

All the time I was becoming more and more oppressed by the sufferings which I saw round about me. Even though on the Copper Mines good wages were paid in comparison with wages in the rural areas, still there was great poverty everywhere, and hardly a day passed but I saw one of my fellow Africans suffering some indignity at the hands of the European settler community.

There was one shop in the town of Mufulira which was notorious for its color bar. It was a Chemist [drugstore]. While the European women stood at the counter buying their expensive perfumes and medicines, a long line of African servants queued at the window and often not only were kept waiting but when their turn came to be served were rudely treated by the shop assistants. I determined to make a public protest against this kind of thing, so I deliberately went one day into the main shop and did not queue up with the other Africans at the pigeonhole in the wall. I made no secret of what I was about to do, and many of the schoolboys in my class followed me to the chemist shop and waited outside to see what would happen when I went in.

I dressed myself as best I could and simply went into the shop and asked the Manager politely for some medicine. As soon as he saw me standing in the place where only European customers were allowed to stand he shouted at me, "*Hamba lapa side.*" He was using a language which we know as

"kitchen kaffir"; it is not a real language, it is a bastard language which is only used by an employer when speaking to his servants. I speak my own wonderful language Chibamba, and English, but I do not either speak or attempt to understand "kitchen kaffir," so I stood at the counter and politely requested in English that I should be served. The chemist became exasperated and said to me in English, "If you stand there till Christmas I will never serve you." Since it was the month of April I should have had to remain there a very long time so I said to him, "I intend to report this matter to the District Commissioner."

I went to the District Commissioner's office. Fortunately the District Commissioner was out, for he was one of the old school; however, I saw a young District Officer who was a friend of mine. He was very concerned to hear my story and told me that if ever I wanted anything more from the Chemist all I had to do was to come to him personally and he would buy my medicine for me. I protested that that was not good enough; why should I have to buy my medicine through a European friend?

I asked him to accompany me back to the chemist shop and to make a protest to the Manager. This he did, and I well remember him saying to the Manager, "Here is Mr. Kaunda who is a responsible member of the Urban Advisory Council, and a member of the African Provincial Council. One day he may be a member of the Legislative Council, and you treat him like a common servant." The Manager of the chemist shop apologized and said, "If only he had introduced himself and explained who he was then of course I should have given him proper service."

I had to explain once again that he had missed my point. Why should I have to introduce myself every time I went

into a shop . . . any more than I should have to buy my medicine by going to a European friend? I wanted to prove that any man of any color whatever his position should have the right to go into any shop and buy what he wanted. After all, the money which I paid across the counter was exactly the same money as is paid by the European customer.

There I let the matter rest, but some weeks later I went again into that chemist shop to see what reception I would get. The Manager had changed and for the second time I was greeted with the words, "Boy, *hamba lapa side.*" Again I stood my ground, but this time there were three large European miners in the shop who did not wait for me to go to the District Commissioner; they simply took hold of me and threw me out into the street, where my friends were waiting and a fight began. However, before long the three Europeans ran off to their car and escaped before the police could be called.

It was during these days that I realized that if Africans were to have their human rights in their own country they could not achieve them by asking anybody else to fight their . . . battles. . . .

* * *

As a young political organizer in Central Africa . . . I found Africans everywhere being treated in their own country as second-class citizens. The reason for this was that the settler, by virtue of his economic strength, had gained complete political control. Democracy became a mockery through the vast gulf between African and white wages. The difference was usually about £15 paid to a white for every £1 given to a black worker. The highly qualitative franchise in Central

Africa virtually rendered every European a voter on the basis of one man, one vote, while it effectively excluded Africans. The ownership of property helped to qualify the European for the vote, but all the land that was owned by Africans never counted for [their] property. By custom the land was owned communally and therefore could not be claimed by an individual African . . . even though he built his house on it and grew his food on it.

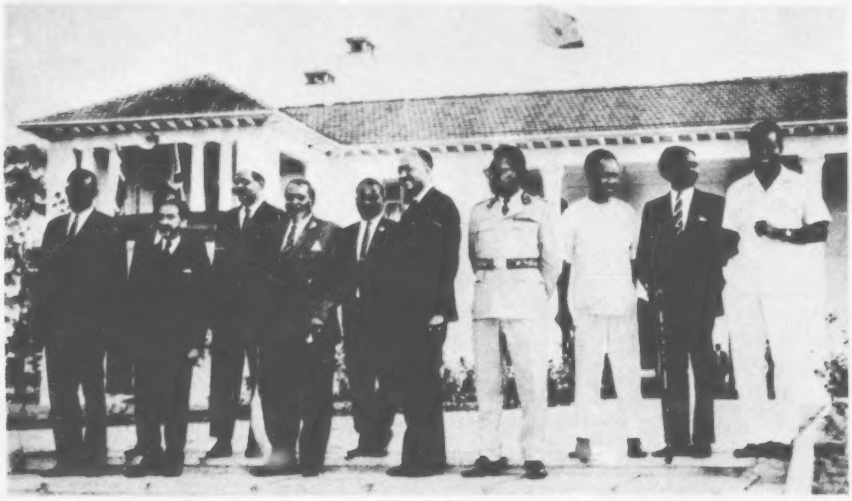
The whole . . . arrangement was un-Christian and unethical. It contained the seeds of hatred, suspicion, and fear. It was useless to preach racial harmony where such a situation existed. Africans like myself, involved in politics, battled against a huge wall of frustration for "one man, one vote.". . .

* * *

I believe in fundamental human rights. I hold with the American Founding Fathers "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." When we are in power this will be our guiding philosophy, and therefore the members of no race need fear victimization or oppression. And I should add that the United National Independence Party does not exclude anyone of any race from its membership, provided he or she accepts our aims and policies and would be a suitable member in other ways.

We in the United National Independence Party are not concerned solely with the rights of Africans; we are struggling for human rights—the inalienable rights of all men. We have engaged in a struggle against any form of imperial-

ism and colonialism not because it has as its agents white men but because it has many more wrong sides than good ones. Temptations in its trends include the one worst form of constitutional arrangement—namely, the concentration of powers in the hands of a small minority over the majority. It is an arrangement that will corrupt the best of men regardless of their color, creed or religion. It is a system that tempts the privileged few to discriminate against the majority who are the have-nots.



Independence in Africa brought a number of new leaders to world attention. Gathered here for an African "Summit" meeting are, left to right, Minister Nkundadajengi of Rwanda, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, Abdul Razak of Somalia, President Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya, President Mwami of Burundi, President Mahgoub of Sudan, General Joseph Mobutu of the Congo, President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania, President Milton Obote of Uganda, and President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia.

The more I ponder . . . this issue, the more I [am] convinced that I am right in refusing to believe that white men do what they do against Africans because they are

wicked. They are in power and power corrupts. We have no justification for fighting against our present form of oppression if when in power we turn on our oppressors and subject them to the same indignities we suffer at their hands. Our moral and Christian right to fight against the Government of our country rests on a determination to replace it with a system that is grounded in the Christian belief that all men are born equal in the sight of God.

* * *

I believe that Africa has a unique place in determining the future of world affairs as long as it keeps free of power blocs. I have visited the United States of America, Britain, and many European countries, and although I have never been to Russia, it is my impression that in both the East and the West there are people who have become enslaved by their possessions. It is only in Africa that I find real sanity, for I believe that the African people, whether they live in East Africa, Central Africa, or South Africa, have still retained a simplicity and a closeness to God and the earth which enables them to treat each other as human beings. I find this a matter which is very difficult to explain, but I know that when I talk to my friend Julius Nyerere [President of Tanzania] we have something in common which I do not have when I talk with people from the Western world. I would almost go so far to say that in its search for wealth and power, the West has lost its soul. I believe that Africans and Africa have a great mission, that is, to remain neutral in the struggle which is going on between East and West and to show a better way, which is being discovered by those who weave together their Christian faith and their African humanity.

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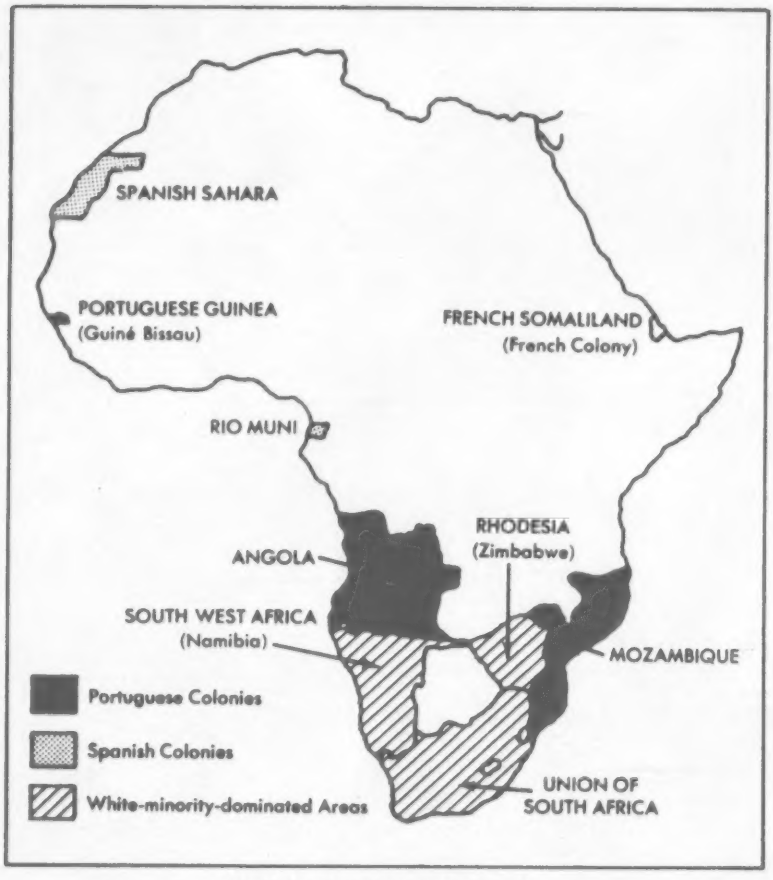
Africa is now striving for unity. . . . Of course, there will be setbacks and mistakes in the cooperation and advancement of Africa's peoples. However, I am convinced that if the world is spared a nuclear catastrophe, Africa will contribute much to the sum of world happiness and enlightenment in the second half of the twentieth century.

Keeping posted on their rapid advance toward democracy and independence, these Nigerian voters cluster around a large board showing results of a parliamentary election.

Independence Ledger

DATE OF INDEPENDENCE	*CURRENT NAME*	*FORMER NAME*	*COLONIZER*
December 24, 1951	Republic of Libya	Libya	Italy
January 1, 1956	Republic of the Sudan	Anglo-Egyptian Sudan	England, Egypt
March 2, 1956	Kingdom of Morocco	Morocco	France, Spain
March 20, 1956	Republic of Tunisia	Tunisia	France
March 6, 1957	Republic of Ghana	Gold Coast and Togoland	England
October 2, 1958	Republic of Guinea	French Guinea	France
January 1, 1960	Federal Republic of Cameroon	French Cameroons and South British Cameroons	Germany, France, England
April 27, 1960	Republic of Togo	French Togoland	Germany, France
June 20, 1960	Republic of Mali	Soudan (Part of Federation of Mali)	France
June 27, 1960	Malagasy Republic	Madagascar	France
June 30, 1960	Democratic Republic of the Congo (Kinshasa)	Belgian Congo	Belgium
July 1, 1960	Somali Republic	Somalia and British Somaliland	Italy England
August 1, 1960	Republic of Dahomey	Dahomey	France
August 3, 1960	Republic of Niger	Niger	France
August 5, 1960	Republic of Upper Volta	Upper Volta	France
August 7, 1960	Republic of Ivory Coast	Ivory Coast	France
August 11, 1960	Republic of Chad	Chad	France
August 13, 1960	Central African Republic	Ubangi-Shari	France
August 15, 1960	Republic of Congo (Brazzaville)	Middle Congo	France
August 17, 1960	Gabon Republic	Gabon	France
August 20, 1960	Republic of Senegal	Senegal (Part of Federation of Mali)	France
October 1, 1960	Federal Republic of Nigeria	Nigeria	England
November 28, 1960	Islamic Republic of Mauritania	Mauritania	France
April 27, 1961	Sierra Leone	Sierra Leone	England
December 9, 1961	United Republic of Tanzania	Tanganyika and Zanzibar	Germany, England
July 1, 1962	Kingdom of Burundi	Ruanda-*Urundi*	Germany, Belgium
July 1, 1962	Republic of Ruanda	*Ruanda*-Urundi	Germany, Belgium
July 3, 1962	Democratic and Popular Republic of Algeria	Algeria	France
October 9, 1962	Uganda	Uganda	England
December 12, 1963	Republic of Kenya	Kenya	England
July 6, 1964	Malawi	Nyasaland	England
October 24, 1964	Republic of Zambia	Northern Rhodesia	England
February 18, 1965	The Gambia	Gambia	England
September 30, 1966	Botswana	Bechuanaland	England
October 4, 1966	Lesotho	Basutoland	England
September 6, 1968	Swaziland	Swaziland	England



UNFINISHED BUSINESS: 1970

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

COLONY	*COLONIZER*
Angola	Portugal
Guinea-Bissau	Portugal
Mozambique	Portugal
French Somaliland	France
Spanish Sahara	Spain
Rio Muni	Spain
Rhodesia (Zimbabwe)	White minority rule (England)*
Republic of South Africa	White minority rule
South West Africa (Namibia)	Republic of South Africa

(NOTE: Three independent countries are not included in the Ledger: Ethiopia, Liberia, and the United Arab Republic. Ethiopia has never been colonized; Liberia was established as an American protectorate for repatriated Afro-American slaves and became independent in 1847; Egypt [The United Arab Republic] regained its independence from England in 1922.)

* In 1965 the white minority government of Prime Minister Ian Smith of Rhodesia broke away from England and declared itself the official government of Rhodesia against England's will.

*The African Outlook**

[EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: Nationalism not only brought political freedom to Africa; it created a new pride in African culture. For centuries the Western world had looked down on African culture as "backward" and "uncivilized," and for almost one hundred years European educators in Africa had taught their students that "true" culture was Western.

Africans never really believed this propaganda, but, faced with the dominance of European governments and the power of Western technology, they found little opportunity to assert their own characters. With the rise of nationalism came renewed faith in the African way of life, a new self-confidence about African culture that is best described as *cultural* nationalism. In some ways, this new awareness preceeded the political movements and made them possible.

The following selection expresses many of the ideas that emerged during the African cultural revival. Notice that Western culture is no longer the yardstick of achievement; in particular, technological development is superseded as the criterion of success by human relationships (a particularly relevant idea in the age of the bomb and environmental pollution). As an African popular song puts it:

* D. K. Chisiza, "The Outlook for Contemporary Africa," *The Journal of Modern African Studies,* Vol. I, 1963. Copyright © 1963 by Cambridge University Press.

Those who are blessed with the power
And the soaring swiftness of the eagle
And have flown before,
Let them go.
I will travel slowly,
And I too will arrive.

The author of this selection, Dunduzu Kalui Chisiza, was a nationalist leader in Malawi during the 1950's. He was arrested with other leaders in 1959 and upon his release organized the Malawi Congress Party. He was Parliamentary Secretary to the Nyasaland (Malawi) Ministry of Finance when he was killed in an automobile accident in 1962 at age 32.

As you read this selection, think of this question:

What are the major characteristics of the African personality, according to Chisiza?]

Different as colonial and free Africa may appear to be in temper, in immediate objectives, and in some of the problems which they face, they have one thing in common, and that is their determination to preserve the substance of the African outlook. It is true that there is no uniform outlook. But it is possible to single out certain features which are always present in almost every African community.

Unlike Easterners, who are given to meditation, or Westerners, who have an inquisitive turn of mind, we of Africa, belonging neither to the East nor to the West, are fundamentally observers, penetrating observers, relying more on intuition than on the process of reasoning. We excel in neither mysticism nor in science and technology, but in the

field of human relations. This is where we can set an example for the rest of the world. . . .

There is a tendency in the West, whether the Westerners themselves know it or not, for people to assume that man lives to work. We believe that man works to live. This view of life gives rise to our high preference for leisure. With us, life has meant the pursuit of happiness rather than the pursuit of beauty or truth. We pursue happiness by rejecting isolationism, individualism, negative emotions, and tensions, on the one hand; and by laying emphasis on a communal way of life, by encouraging positive emotions and habitual relaxation, and by restraining our desires, on the other. We live our lives in the present. To us the past is neither a source of pride nor a cause of bitterness. The "hereafter," we realize, must be given thought, but we fail to revel in its mysteries. . . .

In Africa, we believe in strong family relations. We have been urged by well-meaning foreigners to break these ties for one reason or another. No advice could be more dangerous to the fabric of our society. Charity begins at home. So does the love of our fellow human beings. By loving our parents, our brothers, our sisters, cousins aunts, uncles, nephews, and nieces, and by regarding them as members of our families, we cultivate the habit of loving lavishly, of exuding human warmth, of compassion, and of giving and helping. But I believe that, once so conditioned, one behaves in this way, not only to one's family, but also to the clan, the tribe, the nation, and to humanity as a whole.

If independent African states succeed in subordinating national loyalties to international loyalty they will do so because they have a solid foundation of lesser loyalties. To foster internationalism among people who are steeped in individual-

ism is to attempt to build a pyramid upside down. It cannot stand, it has no base and will topple over. How can a person who has no real affection for his brothers or sisters have any love for a poor Congolese or Chinese peasant? When we talk about international peace, understanding, and good will, we are actually talking about universal love. But this does not grow from nothing; its root is family love, without which it cannot grow. The unification of mankind ultimately depends on the cultivation of family love. It would seem, therefore, that in this respect, we in Africa have started toward that noble goal from the right end.

* * *

In human relations, we like to slur over "I" and "mine" and to lay emphasis instead on "we" and "ours." Put differently, this means the suppression of individuals. Ours is a society where if you found seven men, and one woman among them, you might never know, unless told, whose wife she was. There just isn't that forwardness in us to indicate our "personal" ownership of anything. If I happen to have some head of cattle, a car, a house, a daughter, a fishing net, or a farm, it is "our" net, it is my house just as much as it is my brother's, my father's, my cousin's, my uncle's, or my friend's house. Individualism is foreign to us, and we are horrified at its sight. We are by nature extroverts.

Love for communal activities is another feature of our outlook. Look at any African game or pastime and you notice right away that its performance calls for more than one person. Our dances are party dances demanding drummers, singers, and dancers. Game hunting is done in parties. (Even those Africans who own guns cannot abandon the habit of

The African outlook is expressed through art, music, and crafts. The Artists' Center in Osbogbo, Nigeria, provides work and gallery space for gifted African artists.

taking some friends along with them when going out for a hunt!) The telling of fables and stories with us calls for a group of boys and girls, not just one or two. Draw-net fishing is done by a group of people. Fishing with hooks is done also in canoe parties, each canoe taking at least two people. The preparation of fields, the weeding, the sowing of seeds, the harvesting, the pounding of food—all these activities are done in parties of either men or women. Even looking after cattle is not a one-man affair. A boy might start out alone from his cattle kraal but he is sure to take his cattle to where

his fellow herdsmen are. Beer drinking is not only a group affair but it often means also drinking from the same pot and from the same drinking stick. Above all, to see Africans mourn the death of someone is to believe that few things are done individually here.

Such an outlook can only emanate from genuine love for each other—an unconscious love which has existed in our society since time immemorial. Here is that selfless love which all the prophets of God have preached. It isn't something that has just been inculcated into us nor anything that has been imported from without us; it is something springing from within us. Instead of foreign missionaries teaching Africans how to love each other, they would do well to sit back and observe with amazement that the very relationship they would like to bring about is already existing in the selfless love manifested in the African way of life.

We are also famous for our sense of humor and dislike for melancholy. Gloom on the face of an African is a sure sign that the wearer of that expression has been to a school of some kind where he might have got it into his head that joy and melancholy can be bed-fellows in his heart. Otherwise our conception of life precludes as far as possible the accommodation of dejection. An African will not hesitate to leave a job if he sees that he does not get a kick out of it. . . .

The mainstay of our life is humor. So characteristic of Africa is this that most foreigners know this continent as "The Land of Laughter." Of course, laughter relieves tension. People who laugh easily are relaxed persons and possess one of the most prized qualities in this wearisome world.

Our society abhors malice, revenge, and hate, with the result that we are relatively free from these cankers. Were we disposed to avenge the wrongs that have been meted out to

us by foreigners down through the ages, the course of human events would have taken a different turn altogether. Were we addicts of hate, the Gospel of Jesus would have been defeated on the shores of the seas that border this troubled continent. Were we to harbor malice, the African empires that flourished—like those of Monomotapa, Songhai, Mali, and Ghana —would have extended beyond the confines of Africa to the detriment of the human race. But God spared us all that. As a result we tolerate on our soil even neurotic crowds of foreigners who could not be tolerated in their own countries; we waste love on those who are inveterately selfish, individualistic, and ungrateful. Above all, we do not look forward to planning nefarious schemes against any race.

We have a reputation for taking delight in generosity, kindness, and forgiveness. It has been said with great truth by foreigners that few Africans will ever get rich because we tend to be too generous. Well, we do not want to be rich at the cost of being mean! Our society hinges on the practice of mutual aid and cooperation, whose corollary is generosity. When our chiefs and kings gave acres and acres of land to foreigners they were not prompted by bribes or stupidity but by this selfsame habit of generosity—the lifeblood of our society. Even more precious, I think, is our spirit of kindness. For me to be able to walk into the home of any African between Khartoum and Durban and be certain to be accorded the utmost hospitality is to my mind a pulsating example of what quality of human relationship our society is capable of producing.

Nor is the scope of our kindness limited to our own race. Many are the days when we have preserved the life of one foreigner or another. Times without number we have gone out of our way to hunt for water, eggs, milk, chicken, fish,

meat, fruit, and vegetables for a choosy stranger. We have carried literally thousands of foreigners on our heads and shoulders; we have washed their clothes; we have reared their children; we have looked after their homes; we have stood by their sides in peril; we have defended them in times of war; we have given them our land, we have given them our precious minerals, nay, we have given them our all. But the gratitude we often get is ridicule, contempt, ill-treatment, and the belief on their part that God created us to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water." No. God knows our kindness does not stem from a feeling of inferiority. God knows we are not kind because we are fools, but because He ordained that we should be kindness-drunk rather than pride-drunk.

And yet, in spite of all this ingratitude, we are still capable of forgiving and forgetting. We are in a position to do this because in our society forgiveness is the rule rather than the exception. Professor Richard A. Brown has this to say of us:

> The simple spirituality of the Negro and his African brother, their deep-rooted belief in God, their matchless capacity to love and forgive even those who mistreat them, their natural humanity—all these characteristics of these people, tempered and refined in the furnace of trials and tribulations down through the years, are qualities the world stands most in need of in these difficult times. . . .

Another outstanding characteristic of our outlook is our love for music, dance, and rhythm. This three-pronged phenomenon is indeed the spice of our life. Our throats are deep with music, our legs full of dance, while our bodies tremble with rhythm. We sing while we hoe. We sing while we paddle our canoes. Our mourning is in the form of dirges; we sing in bereavement just as on festive occasions. Our fables

nearly always include a song. We sing to while away the monotonous hours of travel. . . .

'We have war dances, victory dances, remedial dances, marriage dances, dances for women only, mixed dances, dances for the initiated, dances for the young—but all indulged in with ecstatic abandon. We nod our heads, rock our necks, tilt our heads and pause. We shake our shoulders, throw them back and forth, bounce breasts, and halt to intone our thanks to Him who ordained that we be alive. Dance! What a world of emotions that word calls forth in us.

There is rhythm in the winnowing and pounding of grains, there is rhythm in the gait of our womenfolk, . . . there is rhythm in the groan of a sick person, there is complex rhythm in milking a cow or pulling a draw-net to the shore; there is rhythm that beggars description in the beats of our tom-toms. The difference between us and other peoples is that we consciously cultivate rhythm in almost everything we do.

Finally, we have a strong dislike for imposing our beliefs on other people. British people established themselves overseas with the self-assuredness of angels. They believed with puritanical fervor that the British way was the God-vouchsafed way of doing things. Their way of living was what mankind was destined to evolve up to; their ideas the Gospel truth; their beliefs the paragons of man's triumph over superstition. No other way—least of all the colonial people's way—could measure up to it, still less be better than it. So they believed there was nothing for them to learn from their colonial subjects, while the colonial [subjects] had to be recast into the British mold of life, thought, and belief.

That was all very well for the purposes of empire building. To rule a people successfully you have got to drill it into their heads that you are in every way superior to them and that,

therefore, it is the right thing for them to be under you. But that way of thinking tends to arrest progress. The advancement of man uncompromisingly demands a ceaseless synthesis of ideas, a blending of ways of living, a give and take of beliefs, and above all a willingness to believe that the best is yet to come.

If persisted in, this attitude of finality, superiority, and self-deception can only promote hate and racial discord. When other peoples do not assert themselves, they may still have something to be proud of, something that they believe is unrivalled, but it is just that they have not got the same vulgarity of throwing their weight about and imposing themselves and their beliefs on other people. They are willing to live and let live. Further, they have the satisfaction of knowing that a listener with an open mind has the "open sesame" to the fortune of knowledge and wisdom. There is a great deal that foreigners, in Africa as well as overseas, have to learn from the colonial peoples.

Negritude

[EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: The most prominent cultural movement to develop during the nationalist period in Africa was centered around the concept of "Negritude." According to Léopold Sédar Senghor, President of Senegal and one of the leaders of the movement, "Negritude is first of all "Negro personality," the fact of being a Negro among other men who are not black. . . . Negritude is the cultural heritage, the values, and above all the *spirit* of Negro-African civilization." Chisiza makes a similar point in the last reading.

Basically, the Negritude movement was—and still is—a literary movement. It developed in French-speaking West Africa in reaction to the French colonial policy of attempting to assimilate Africans into French culture. Faced with the prospect of losing their own culture, West African intellectuals felt compelled to assert and even exaggerate the uniqueness of their African heritage.

In fact, the founders of the movement were already highly assimilated and living far from home, both culturally and geographically. They were students in Paris, and to "keep in touch" they published a literary magazine during 1933-35 which launched the Negritude movement. The leaders were Aimé Césaire, a West Indian from Martinique, Léon Dumas, from French Guiana, and Senghor. The word

"Negritude" was first used by Césaire in a poem written in 1938.

Some critics claim that Negritude is a racist concept, but Senghor points out:

> The British speak of "Anglo-Saxon civilization" because they are men, and the French speak of "French civilization" or "Greco-Latin civilization." We Negroes speak of Negritude, for we too are men—men who, forty thousand years ago, were the first to emerge as *Homo sapiens,* the first men to express themselves in art, the first to create the earliest agrarian civilization in the valleys of the Nile and of Mesopotamia.

In a sense, Negritude had existed for hundreds of years, wherever black men were forced to live in a foreign culture and attempted to preserve their identity. Many black American writers of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries expressed Negritudinist ideas, and today the concept of "soul" serves very much the same purpose as Negritude: to preserve and exalt what is special in a cultural tradition. Referring to Césaire's poetry Senghor asks: "What is surprising about his using his pen like Louis Armstrong his trumpet? Or more accurately, perhaps, like the devotées of Voodoo their tom-toms? He needs to lose himself in the dance of words, the tom-tom rhythm, to rediscover himself in the Universe."

This last point is important: the concept of Negritude, like nationalism, was a means by which black Africans could claim their place in the universe, a place denied them by outside forces. The following three poems all embody the concept of Negritude in one way or another. They are by black writers, from Haiti, Senegal, and French Guiana, in that order. As you read the poems, try to detect the ideas and sentiments that you think could arise only from the black or African experience.]

AFRICAN HEART*

This tiresome heart, that never fits
my language or my dress,
forced into the straightjacket
of borrowed sentiments and customs,
trifles of Europe. Oh, in my lame despair
I am condemned to tame
my heart that came from Senegal
with foreign words from France.

* Leon Laleau, "Trahison," in *Black Orpheus*, Ibaden, Nigeria: Ministry of Education, # 2, January, 1958, p. 35. Reprinted by permission of Présence Africaine.

The Negritude movement encouraged writers and other artists to express an African point of view. Here a young Nigerian painter, Demas Nwoko, shows his conception of a westernized Adam and Eve. Notice that Eve is wearing a fur coat. For a touch of irony, missiles and planes fly in the background.

AFRICA*

Africa my Africa
Africa of proud warriors in the ancestral savannahs
Africa my grandmother sings of
Beside her distant river
I have never seen you
But my gaze is full of your blood
Your black blood spilt over the fields
The blood of your sweat
The sweat of your toil
The toil of your slavery
The slavery of your children
Africa, tell me Africa,
Are you the back that bends?
Lies down under the weight of humbleness?
The trembling back striped red
That says yes to the *sjambok* [whip] on the roads of noon?
Solemnly a voice answers me
"Impetuous child, that young and sturdy tree
That tree that grows
There splendidly alone among white and faded flowers
Is Africa, your Africa. It puts forth new shoots
With patience and stubborness puts forth new shoots
Slowly its fruits grow to have
The bitter taste of liberty."

* David Diop, "Africa," in J. Reed and C. Wake, eds., *A Book of African Verse*, London: Heinemann, 1967, p. 29.

LIMBO*

. . . Give me back my black dolls. I want to play with them,
Play the ordinary games that come naturally to me,
Stay in the shadow of their rules,
Get back my courage and my boldness,
Feel myself, what I was yesterday,
Without complexity.
Yesterday, when I was torn up by the roots.

Will they ever know the rancor eating at my heart,
My mistrustful eye open too late?
They have stolen the space that was mine
The customs, the days of my life
The singing, the rhythm, the strain,
The path, the water, the hut
The earth, gray, smoky
And wisdom, the words, the palavers,
The ancients.
And the beat, the hands, the beating of the hands
And the stamping of feet on the ground.

Give them back to me, my black dolls,
My black dolls,
Black dolls
Black.

* "Limbo" (*Limbé*), appears in L. G. Damas' *Pigments*, published by Présence Africaine, Paris (1962), pp. 42–43.

*"We Don't Want to Be Won"**

[EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: Independence, for Africans, meant more than political freedom from Europe; it also meant freedom from any form of economic or cultural control from the outside.

The following selection reports an interview conducted in 1961, shortly after Nigerian independence, with a group of Nigerian students. The students explain to the interviewers, an American couple, why they object to a defense pact with England, want no part of the "Cold War," and distrust the American Peace Corps. Such attitudes are neither anti-West nor anti-East but, rather, pro-African. They express a fear, common in Africa, that political alignments will place limitations on Africa's new-found freedom.

As you read this selection, think of this question:

Why do you think Africans might be especially wary of foreign involvement?]

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* Paul Conklin, "We Don't Want to Be Won," *The New Republic,* Vol. 144, No. 8 (February 20, 1961), pp. 16–17. Reprinted by permission of *The New Republic,* © 1961, Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.

The five students came in bringing chairs and made themselves comfortable in the book-strewn dormitory room. They were polite but a bit wary. My wife and I had driven 90 miles from Lagos to University College on the outskirts of Ibadan in order to talk with them.

Outside the sun beat down with dazzling intensity on the school's handsome white buildings, which were made to appear even whiter by the surrounding forest. Not far away this wall of green was pierced by the rooftops of a new housing development.

On the horizon was the skeletal transmitting tower of the Western Region's—and Africa's first—television network. Out of sight behind a ridge lay Ibadan, an immense, sprawling city of 600,000 people.

Four of the students were studying undergraduate physics. The fifth was doing graduate work in library science. One was president of the student council. Another edited the college weekly.

Two months earlier all five had abandoned their books for a day, and along with several hundred of their classmates had descended noisily on the federal House of Parliament in Lagos to protest the signing of the Anglo-Nigerian Defense Pact. Before the . . . fracas with the police had run its course, one of the physicists and the librarian had deliberately allowed themselves to be arrested and carried away in a paddy wagon for a date next morning with a Lagos magistrate.

The pact, then, was a natural starting place for a discussion. As their initial reserve melted, the students spoke freely. . . .

"The mere idea of a pact is inconsistent with the neutral role every African nation should play. It makes us look hypocritical and ridiculous because our leaders have told the

world we will follow a policy of nonalignment as far as the power blocs are concerned."

"Signing a pact with Britain means aligning ourselves with America and NATO, too. During the Suez crisis the British used our airbase at Kano. If De Gaulle [the former president of France] and Abbas [an Algerian leader before independence] fail to reach an agreement, the West may use Kano to attack Algeria. The day will inevitably come when we find ourselves fighting at Britain's side against other Africans."

Independence has given all of Africa a new sense of identity, as illustrated by this meeting of the Organization of African Unity.

A gust of wind blew to the floor a leaflet announcing "regretfully" that the French acting troupe scheduled to appear on the campus the following week was cancelling its engagement because the Nigerian-French diplomatic break had made transportation impossible.

"The British are deceitful," one of the group continued. "They tell us they want to help us but in reality take advantage of our inexperience as a new nation to increase their military capacity. They want to keep an eye on us because they fear us."

"Once we have given them a base we'll never get them off our soil. Cuba gave America the naval base at Guantanamo, but when relations deteriorated America refused to leave. The same thing will happen here because if there is any country with which we will quarrel in the future it will be Britain."

And then as a brutal afterthought one student added, "Why should we tie ourselves to a declining power that is no longer able to defend even itself?"

"Africans are weary of being pushed around like pawns on your Cold War chessboard. You take it for granted that we lack intelligence to make our own decisions and shape our own future. Russia and America haven't yet realized that Africa does not need to decide between capitalism and Communism. There are alternatives and we can find them."

"You Americans are the most obstinate people. You above all others should realize that Africa is not to be wooed like a child with no mind of its own. There is so much talk in the United States about winning Africa for the free world. Has it ever occurred to you that perhaps we don't want to be won, perhaps we don't regard your freedom as being particularly desirable?"

"Kennedy says he will send a peace corps to us, but to us this kind of peace means anti-Communism."

The five were in quick agreement that none wanted to have anything to do with President Kennedy's young emissaries from America.

"We are ready to receive your help, but help that comes from love, not pity. We don't want a patronizing pat on the back. We don't want American superiority flaunted in our faces, because in fact we don't recognize this superiority."

"You must realize that when we talk like this it is not because we are pro-Communist. We want nothing to do with Communism. The Hungaries repel us. We have never looked to Moscow for leadership. We have looked to the West, but you have disappointed us."

"We may disagree with some of Nkrumah's internal policies, but as far as projecting Africa to the world goes, he is the leader we most admire. Nkrumah was right when he said that Ghana will not be free until all of Africa is free. We begrudge every inch of African soil that remains under the control of the white man. All Africans are brothers with a common history of oppression and a common destiny of freedom."

"Africa has reached a stage where it must stand on its own." His voice edged with scorn, the editor continued, "The English and Americans tell me that I am not a human being until I learn to speak English and wear a white shirt and tie. But I am an African. I cannot be a carbon copy of a white man. Likewise, Africa has to express itself as a continent with integrity.

"Put it another way. The West is a declining civilization. Where is the human race going to get the leaven it needs so

badly if Africans—and Asians—are not allowed to express themselves as human beings?"

After this outburst the student took a long drink from a bottle of orange soda, looked at his watch and got up. It was time for lunch.

As they left, one turned in the doorway and said, "You know, Americans and Nigerians have one important trait in common. We both speak our minds."

Unfinished Business: Mozambique

[EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: The struggle for independence in Africa is not over. A look at the map of Africa will show that the southern quarter of the continent is under white control. Portugal maintains colonies in Angola and Mozambique (as well as Portuguese Guinea), white minority governments control Rhodesia and South Africa, and South Africa controls South West Africa.

For several decades Africans in these countries have tried to negotiate for their freedom, but Portugal and the white settlers refuse to consider independence as an alternative to their control. As a result, African nationalists have resorted to guerrilla warfare in their attempt to liberate their countries. The number of guerrillas now active in southern Africa has been conservatively estimated as follows:

Territory	*African Guerrillas*
Mozambique	8,000
Angola	12,000
S. W. Africa	hundreds
South Africa	1,000
Rhodesia	2,500

One of the most active and successful guerrilla movements is in the Portuguese colony of Mozambique, a country

eight times the size of Portugal with a population of more than seven million, 97.5 per cent of whom are Africans. In some ways the Mozambique struggle is unique, but in many more ways it is typical of guerrilla movements elsewhere in Africa. In 1962 the Mozambique Liberation Front (Frente de Liberatacao de Mocambique, FRELIMO), was organized. Since fighting began in 1964, FRELIMO has gained control of about 20 per cent of the country and has forced Portugal to increase the size of its army from 35,000 men to 70,000. More than a fighting force, FRELIMO is a government within a government. It administers liberated areas independently of the Portuguese and maintains close relations with neighboring African states.

In contrast to FRELIMO, whose goal is to return Mozambique to the people, Portugal runs a colonial regime that milks the country of more than 30 per cent of its wealth each year, much of it derived from forced labor that pays Africans an average of less than thirty dollars. Africans have no say in the control of the government and are constantly subjected to police-state tactics. They are not allowed to form political parties or unions; they must obtain official permission to travel from one section of the country to another; and they are subject to a passbook system similar to that employed in South Africa. Police are free to detain any "citizen" at will.

The education system is among the worst in the world. In 1962 the colonial government spent only 4 per cent of its budget on schools. More than 96 per cent of the population is illiterate, and in 1965 only 8 per cent of the *school* population was in academic high schools and only 1 per cent (four students) in college.

Portugal's "right" to Mozambique is based on her claim of "500 years of Portuguese rule," going back to the landing of Vasco de Gama in 1498. In truth, however, the Portuguese did not attempt to colonize the country until after the Berlin Conference of 1884-85, and did not succeed in putting down armed resistance until the 1920's. In any case,

the historical argument is irrelevant to a country ruled by a foreign power, where 97 per cent of the people have no hand in their own destiny. FRELIMO has vowed to fight to the last man to change these conditions. (It should be mentioned that Portugal is a member of NATO and has allegedly used NATO weapons in Mozambique, although NATO regulations formally prohibit such use. The United States is the biggest contributor to NATO. What are America's responsibilities in this case? Is the United States indirectly supporting Portuguese colonialism?)

The following selection, consisting of five parts, presents four first-hand accounts of the Mozambique struggle for independence written by members of FRELIMO and originally published in the FRELIMO journal *Mozambique Revolution.* The third of the five parts, written by a Portuguese bishop, presents the "establishment" point of view.

As you read these selections, think of this question:

Why do Mozambicans turn to FRELIMO for help?]

MASSACRE IN MUEDA*

I have seen how the people suffer. I saw how the colonialists massacred the people at Mueda. That was when I lost my uncle. Our people were unarmed when they began to shoot. To defend ourselves, we picked up sticks and stones. We had gone to ask for freedom, for elections.

—Teresinha Mblale, soldier in the women's detachment

The people of Mueda could no longer tolerate the exploitation and oppression from the Portuguese. They were forced

* From *Mozambique Revolution,* June–July, 1969, pp. 20–21.

to work in the sisal [a plant whose fibre is made into rope] plantations for a mere pittance out of which they could not make a living. They had no schools for their children. They were forced to cultivate cotton instead of food crops for themselves. The little foodstuffs they had were often stolen by Portuguese soldiers. Moreover, they were tired of being governed by foreigners. They were never allowed to participate in the administration; they were never consulted. They felt the time had come for them to run their own affairs. So they sent a delegation . . . to the administrator of Mueda. In reply to the people's grievances, the administrator and the governor of Cabo Delgado invited the people to meet at the Mueda administrative headquarters on the 16th of June, 1960.

By 3 P.M., hundreds of people had assembled at the administrative post. The governor spoke to them, trying to convince them [that] they should not demand independence. He repeated the old themes of the benefits of the Portuguese's so-called civilizing mission: that, once they reached the required level of development, they would have the honor of becoming Portuguese citizens, etc. But his words were soon drowned [out] by cries of "We want independence!" When it became obvious that the people would have nothing of this, he suddenly fired a pistol into the air, and a Portuguese platoon which had been hiding somewhere, opened fire with machine-guns and grenades. The attack lasted for ten minutes, in the course of which more than 500 Mozambicans were killed. They were completely unarmed, for they had gone there innocently, expecting that the government of their country would be handed over to their own leaders.

The massacre of Mueda taught the Mozambican people a hard lesson. Those . . . who had ever held any illusions

about the possibilities of obtaining independence by peaceful means learned from the overwhelming force and brutality at Mueda that an armed offensive was the only way out. This and other such acts of large-scale repression served as a catalyst to bring together the Mozambican people into concerted action against the Portuguese. For the people also realized that isolated acts of opposition could never achieve any lasting results. Only when they were united into one powerful force could they have the strength to stand up against the Portuguese army. And this they did through the creation of FRELIMO.

New recruits of FRELIMO, ranging in age from 14 to 50, undergo submachine-gun instruction in Mozambique. There are approximately 8,000 African guerrillas fighting in this Portuguese colony.

The successes achieved during the five years of the armed struggle have proved that our comrades in Mueda did not die in vain. The Portuguese colonialists are paying the blood debt incurred in Mueda and elsewhere in Mozambique. The order of the day has been declared. Through the armed struggle, the Mozambican people will put an end to the crimes committed by the Portuguese colonialists. We will not lay down our arms until Mozambique is free.

BITTER TEA*

I come from Zambezia Province and am a peasant from that Province. My name is Joaquim Americo Paulo Maquival. I come from Milange and am 25 years old. All my family are peasants. We cultivate millet, cassava, beans, sugar cane, etc.

We also had to work on the government land; [that is,] it isn't government land, it belongs to a company, but it was the government which made us work on it. It was the land of the *Sociedade de cha Oriental de Milange* (The Oriental Tea Society of Milange). The government came and arrested us in our villages and sent us to the company; that is, the company paid money to the administration or the government and then the government arrested us and gave us to the company.

I began working for the company when I was 12: they paid me 15 *escudos* a month (53¢ U.S.A.). I worked from six in the morning until twelve noon, when we stopped for two hours, then again from two until six in the evening. The whole family worked for the company, my brothers, my father—my father is still there—my father earned and still

* From *Mozambique Revolution*, October–December, 1968, pp. 16–17.

earns 150 *escudos* a month ($5.30); he [works] from morning to evening. He has to pay 195 *escudos* ($7.00) yearly tax to the government. We didn't want to work for the company, but . . . the government sent police to the villages and they arrested those who refused. . . . If they ran away, the police sent out photographs of them and a hunt was started. When they caught them they beat them and put them in prison, and when they came out of prison, they had to go back and work for the company, but without pay; they said that as they had run away they didn't need the money.

Thus, in our own fields only our poor mothers were left who could not do much. All we had to eat was the little that our mothers were able to grow. We had neither sugar nor tea. We had to work growing tea, but we didn't know what it tasted like. Tea didn't come into our homes.

The Portuguese wage earners earned well. At the end of a month they would buy a new car perhaps, while we couldn't even buy tea and at the end of the year we didn't have enough to buy a bicycle.

Later, when I was 15, I went to a mission school and I managed to get my certificate. It was a Catholic Mission. We had to work there; we had to work in the priests' fields. The government gave the missions money for our education, but we didn't know and we worked in the fields because they said it was necessary to pay the missions.

In 1964 I joined FRELIMO because our people were exploited. I still did not [really] know . . . what to do about it. The people didn't know what to do. We had heard that our neighbor, Malawi, had been liberated and would come and liberate us, but we soon learned that it was we who would have to liberate ourselves. The party told us that we and no one else are responsible for ourselves. . . .

The colonialists try to deceive the world, to hide the truth; they say that our people are divided into hostile tribes, but we all face the same enemy: Portuguese colonialism.

I want to repeat: the Portuguese are great liars. For example, they say that we are terrorists. This is false; it is they who are terrorists and bandits.

For example, in our units and on missions, we have often come across unarmed Portuguese civilians. We didn't harm them. We asked where they were coming from, we explained our struggle to them, our suffering, we received them kindly. We do this because our struggle, our war, is not against the Portuguese people; we are struggling against the Portuguese government, against those who turn their weapons on the Mozambican people; we are at war with those who injure the people. FRELIMO is the enemy of the enemies of the people, but we are not the enemy of the Portuguese people. We know that it is not all the people of Portugal who exploit us, but only a minority [which] is also exploiting the Portuguese people themselves. Among the people of Portugal there are also people who are exploited. FRELIMO cannot fight the people, cannot fight against the exploited.

But the Portuguese soldiers are terrorists. They do not respect our people; they want to injure them, to beat them, and now to kill them. I have often seen this. One day, because we had destroyed a train at Catur, the soldiers came to take reprisals on a village pointed out by a traitor. They arrested an old man called Moussa, responsible for the organization of the local party branch. They beat him, tied him with ropes, and took him to the post at Catur. There they beat him with rifle butts and then hung him head down over a fire. Thanks to the revolution he was not killed: that evening he managed to escape and to rejoin us. We healed him and he is again working for the revolution.

The war has changed the people's situation. Where war has already broken out the people are no longer beaten, there are no longer taxes which exploit the people, the people are not humiliated. There are hardships but this is the price of victory. We are glad to fight.

BISHOP'S CIRCULAR*

1. Independence is irrelevant to the welfare of man. It can be good if the right conditions are present (the cultural conditions do not yet exist in Mozambique).

2. While these conditions are not being produced, to take part in movements for independence is acting against nature.

3. Even if these conditions existed, the Metrópole [Portugal] has the right to oppose independence if the freedoms and rights of man are respected, and if it [has] provided for the wellbeing, the civil and religious progress of all.

4. All the movements which use force . . . are against the natural law, because independence, [assuming] that it is good, must be obtained by peaceful means.

5. When the movement is a terrorist one, the clergy have the obligation, in good conscience, not only to refrain from taking part, but also to oppose it. This [obligation] derives from the nature of [their] mission [as religious leaders].

6. Even when the movement is peaceful, the clergy must abstain from it in order to have spiritual influence upon all the people. The Superior of the Church may impose that abstention. . . .

7. The native people of Africa have the obligation to

* From a circular written by Monsignor Custodio Alvim Pereira, Auxiliary Bishop of Lourenco Marques and distributed to all Catholic churches and seminaries in Mozambique as reproduced in Eduardo Mondlane, *The Struggle for Mozambique*, Baltimore: Penguin Books, pp. 74–75.

thank the colonialists for all the benefits which they receive from them.

8. The educated have the duty to lead those with less education from all the illusions of independence.

9. The present independence movements have, almost all of them, the sign of revolt and of Communism; they have no reason; we must not, therefore, support these movements. The doctrine of the Holy See is quite clear concerning atheistic and revolutionary Communism. The great revolution is that of the Gospel.

10. The slogan "Africa for the Africans" is a philosophical monstrosity and a challenge to the Christian civilization, because today's events tell us that it is Communism and Islamism [that] wish to impose their civilization upon the Africans.

WE SHALL NOT SLEEP*

"Our life is the war. If we sleep two or three days without hearing of the war it seems that we have no life. Food, clothes, [and the like] do not matter to us. It is the knowledge that in such a place the Portuguese were ambushed and defeated that gives us life. We know how to distinguish the whizzing of the weapons of the enemy. When there is a fight we are able to tell: 'Now that was our fighters who fired. Now it was the enemy who fired.' When our weapons sing, our hearts become filled with joy, because that means that the enemy is feeling our force, our children are teaching them that our country wants to be free and *will be* free."—*Kapingo Namumbi, Chairman of the local FRELIMO branch of Diancar*

* From *Mozambique Revolution*, May, 1967.

"We shall never retreat. Those who were afraid or were tired of the war have already crossed the border and deserted the struggle. We shall stay here and we shall fight until our country is free."—*Nikutume Mwangane, Vice-Chairman of the Nengade Branch*

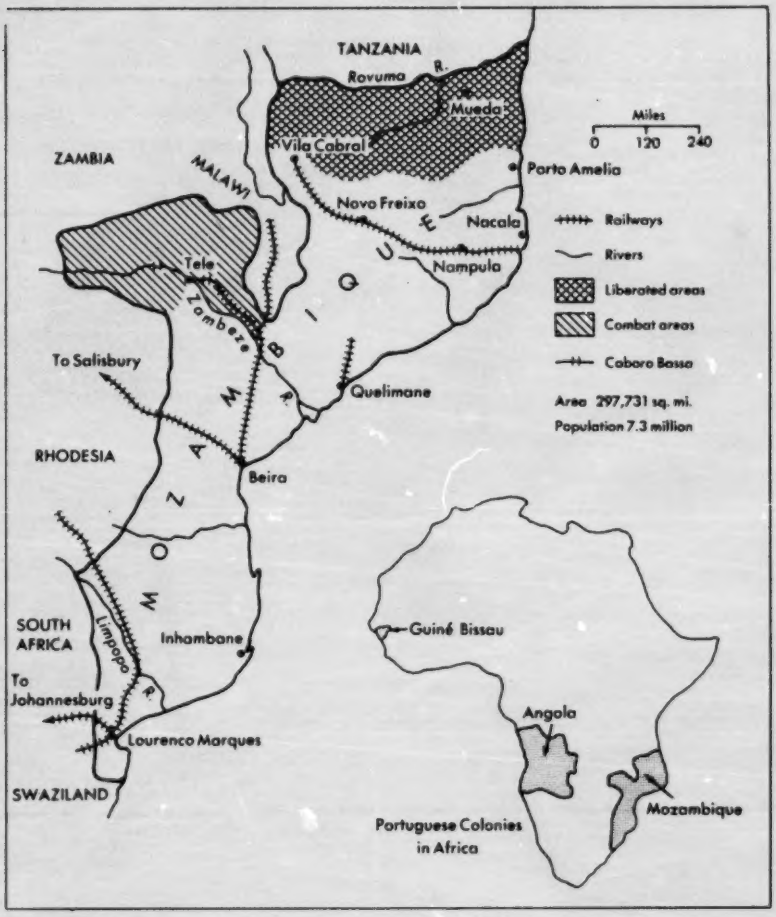
Life in the liberated areas is . . . simple, . . . marked and inspired by the Revolution. The morning starts at about 5 A.M. The people go out for their work—to the *shambas* [farms], to carry water, to pound maize, to peel off the cassava [an edible root], to build storehouses, to cut wood, to chop timber to build houses, etc. The guerrillas and the militias go to patrol work. The children go to schools.

Using sticks for guns, these freedom fighters are preparing to join the regular forces of FRELIMO. After a month of basic training, they will go to another camp for instruction with real weapons.

The conscience of the Revolution is present in all the work and manifests itself in the force put into all activities by the people. There is an immense number of cultivated fields in the liberated areas. In some areas . . . about 80 per cent of the land is cultivated. In other areas production is less, owing mainly to the lack of rains and to the monkeys, which devastate the fields. . . . But the people work with intensity, with perseverance. We know we are producing for ourselves and not for the Portuguese colonialist "boss." And this gives us a new spirit.

There is, it is true, the problem of air-bombings. The Portuguese, unable to conquer our guerrilla forces, take revenge on the civilian population, bombing all the villages they can spot. However, the harm caused by those air-bombings is now less than at the beginning of the war, because the people know how to build anti-aircraft shelters and to camouflage themselves. The crops were destroyed by air-bombings in some areas. Our people accept this situation with a revolutionary spirit and optimism. One peasant told how last year an aircraft dropped one bomb in his field, drying up the earth for an area of 20 meters in diameter. "That place where the bomb fell was the one which produced the most," he said.

In the field of education—there are in Cabo Delgado Province more than 6,000 students in the FRELIMO schools. There are only primary schools as yet, many of them in the open air. There is a lack of teachers; in many zones . . . there is only one teacher for more than 120 students. Material for teaching is almost nonexistent: the students have to write on a blackboard with dry cassava as chalk. Instead of paper or slates they use a piece of wood, which they later

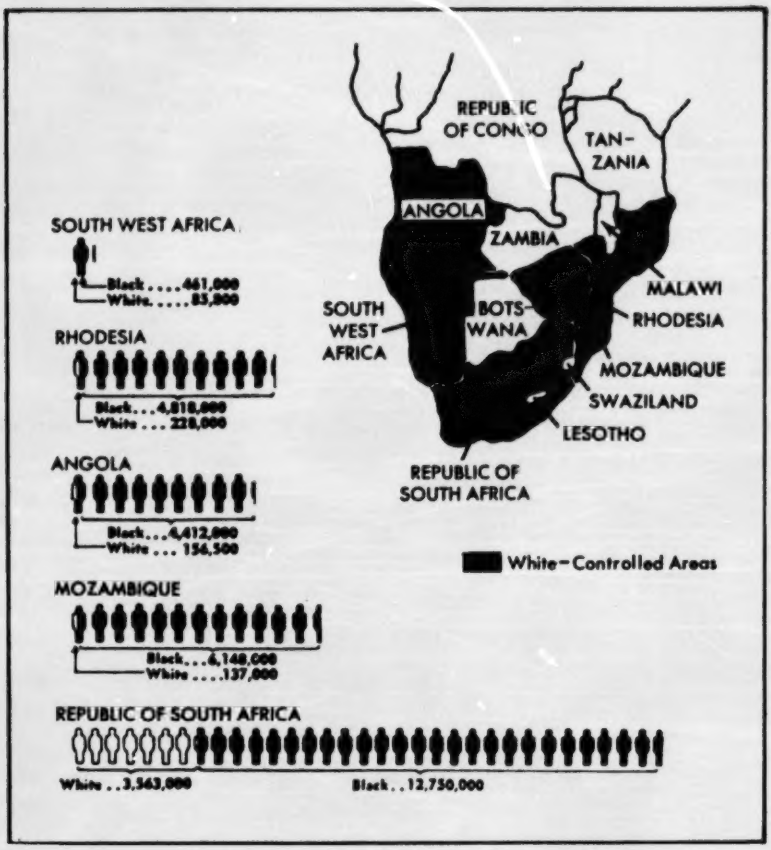

TANZANIA
Rovuma R.
Mueda
Vila Cabral
Porto Amelia
Miles
0 120 240
ZAMBIA
MALAWI
Novo Freixo
Nacala
Railways
Rivers
Liberated areas
Combat areas
Cabora Bassa
Tete
Nampula
Zambeze R.
To Salisbury
Quelimane
Area 297,731 sq. mi.
Population 7.3 million
RHODESIA
Beira
MOZAMBIQUE
SOUTH AFRICA
Limpopo R.
Inhambane
To Johannesburg
Lourenco Marques
SWAZILAND
Guiné Bissau
Angola
Mozambique
Portuguese Colonies in Africa

scrape with a knife to erase what they wrote. Many of the students have to walk several miles to the nearest school. On the way they often have to hide themselves from aircraft. However, the number of students increases in spite of all difficulties, and the progress they make is considerable.

In every province, district, locality and circle, there are committees entrusted with the administration of that zone, responsible for the maintenance of order, the supervision of production, organization of the schools, direction of the militias, etc.

Every day the guerrillas make reconnaissance, to prevent surprise attacks. When they locate the enemy, the guerrillas take the necessary steps to assure the protection of the population in hideouts or to prepare defense; to inform the military base in order to prepare the intervention of a stronger guerrilla force if necessary. Other guerrillas watch the movements of the enemy. And at the right moment, the ambush takes place.

This is the reality that is today liberated Mozambique. We have reason to be satisfied with the results we have already achieved in the struggle for the liberation of our country. Of course we shall not sleep over our successes. On the contrary, these successes encourage us to continue the struggle with even greater determination because they prove that, in spite of all difficulties—and they are many—the final victory is certain. Our country, our people want to be free and *will be* free.



UNFINISHED BUSINESS: 4 MILLION WHITES RULE 28 MILLION BLACKS

YOUR COUNTRY IS PORTUGAL, NOT MOZAMBIQUE*

PORTUGUESE SOLDIER, RETURN TO YOUR COUNTRY!
WE DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU, WE ARE NOT
YOUR ENEMIES.
BUT YOU ARE OUR ENEMY, YOU ARE KILLING OUR PEOPLE.
RETURN TO YOUR COUNTRY, PORTUGUESE SOLDIER,
YOU MUST GO,
OR FRELIMO GUERRILLAS WILL KILL YOU.

FAR AWAY, IN YOUR HOME, ARE YOUR PARENTS, YOUR
BROTHERS,
YOUR WIFE, YOUR CHILDREN. YOU WILL NEVER SEE THEM
AGAIN.
YOU WILL DIE HERE, IN AN AMBUSH, WITHOUT GLORY,
AS HUNDREDS OF YOUR COMRADES HAVE ALREADY DIED.

PORTUGUESE SOLDIER, YOU DO NOT FIGHT FOR THE
"DEFENSE OF THE
COUNTRY." YOUR COUNTRY IS PORTUGAL, NOT
MOZAMBIQUE.
YOU ARE DEFENDING THE INTERESTS OF THE RICH. THEY
STAY
IN LISBON AS BIG BOSSES, FULL OF MONEY, AND SEND YOU
TO DIE
IN THE BUSH. YOU WILL DIE TO DEFEND THE RICHES THAT
THE

* A FRELIMO leaflet distributed to Portuguese soldiers fighting in Mozambique: translated from the Portuguese. Reprinted from *Mozambique Revolution*, March–May, 1966.

CAPITALISTS HAVE IN MOZAMBIQUE.
YOU YOURSELF ARE ALSO DECEIVED AND EXPLOITED,
PORTUGUESE SOLDIER!

REFUSE TO FIGHT IN THIS UNJUST WAR.
SAVE YOUR LIFE, SAVE YOUR HONOR WHILE THERE IS TIME.
RETURN TO YOUR COUNTRY, PORTUGUESE SOLDIER.
RETURN TO YOUR COUNTRY.

*A New Balance of Power**

[EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: In the final selection of this unit, Malcolm X, the renowned black American leader, explains how nationalism in the Third World affects the whole world. More specifically, he shows how the freedom of black Americans is inextricably tied up with the freedom of Africa and the rest of the nonwhite world.

This selection is part of a speech delivered by Malcolm X to a public audience in New York City on January 24, 1965, less than a month before his assassination, on February 21. In pointing out connections between the freedom of Africa and the freedom of black Americans, Malcolm X is not introducing any radically new ideas; he is, in fact, acknowledging a long tradition of close relationships between Africa and Afro-America. For centuries black Americans have felt an affinity for their land of origin, and many black leaders in this country have been deeply involved in African affairs. In this century, two names stand out most prominently: Marcus Garvey and W. E. B. Du Bois.

Garvey, who was born in Jamaica, West Indies, in 1887, came to Harlem as a young man and led the largest "back to Africa" movement this country has ever known. Although he had never set foot on African soil, he became

* From *Malcolm X on Afro-American History*, copyright © 1967 by Merit Publishers and Betty Shabazz.

known as the Black Moses, the prophet who would lead his people to the "promised land." A magnetic personality, he inspired hundreds of thousands of black Americans through his speeches and writings, and the organizations he formed or led. In 1920 he was named Provisional President of Africa at a meeting in New York, and he even established a passenger shipping company, the Black Star Line, to carry black Americans to Africa.

Garvey never realized his dream. He was jailed in 1925 for mail fraud (for which many said he was not responsible) and deported to Jamaica four years later. But his spirit lives on. He deeply influenced the thinking of Kwame Nkrumah, of Ghana (Ghana's merchant marine fleet is called the Black Star Line), and the organizations he created set a precedent for black self-reliance in this country. His efforts to foster black identity continue to inspire the black movement in America today. For example, the red, black, and green "liberation flag" used as a symbol of black solidarity is a legacy from Garvey.

W. E. B. Du Bois was a different sort of man. Where Garvey had mass appeal, Du Bois's appeal was primarily intellectual. He was the first black American to earn a Ph.D. from Harvard, was a recognized historian and sociologist, taught history and economics at Atlanta University, and wrote a number of books that had wide influence, among them: *The Suppression of the African Slave Trade, 1638-1870; The Philadelphia Negro;* and *The Souls of Black Folk.* He was also one of the founders of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP).

Besides his efforts in America, he worked most of his life for the liberation of Africa. For almost fifty years he was the driving force behind the Pan-African (All-African) Movement, which attempted to marshal world opinion to bring an end to colonialism in Africa. Between 1912 and 1945 Du Bois organized five Pan-African conferences. After World War II Africans assumed leadership of the movement, but Du Bois was still considered the "Father of Pan-

Africanism." In 1962 he moved to Ghana, where he died a year later, at the age of ninty-five.

Today the dream of Pan-Africanism—a United States of Africa—is still alive, and, as Malcolm X suggests, the import of the following statement by Du Bois is even more alive: "The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line—the relation of the darker to the lighter races of man in Asia and Africa, in America and the islands of the sea."

As you read this selection, think of this question:

How has African nationalism affected black Americans, according to Malcolm X?]

So we're living in troubled times. We're living at a time when anything can happen. Just a couple of years ago it couldn't happen unless Sam said so, or unless Khrushchev said so, or unless de Gaulle said so. But now it can happen any time. It's not in the power of just one race to say when this can happen or when that can happen; it can now be set off by dark nations.

So the world is in trouble. Another characteristic of this era that we're living in, that's causing it to be a troubled world, is the fact that the dark world is rising. And as the dark world rises, the white world declines. It's impossible for the dark world to increase in its power and strength without the power and strength of the white world decreasing. This is just the way it is, it's almost mathematics. If there is only so much power, and all of it has been over there, well, the only way this man's going to get some over here is to take it away from those over there. That's plain fact. Up

until recent times, all of the power has been in Europe, it has all been in the hands of the white man. The base of power has been in London and Paris and Brussels and Washington, D.C., and some of those places like that.

Now the bases of power are changing. You have a base of power in Accra, in Ghana, in Africa. Another base of power in Zanzibar. Another base of power in Cairo. Another base of power in Algiers. Another base of power in Tokyo. Another base of power in Peking. Well, as these bases of power increase, it decreases Europe as a base of power. And this is what's causing trouble. The white man is worried. He knows that he didn't do right when he had all the power, and if the base of power changes, those into whose hands it falls may know how to really do right. The rise of the dark world is producing the fall of the white world.

And I've got to point out right here that what I'm saying is not racist; I'm not speaking racism; I'm not condemning all white people. I'm just saying that in the past the white world was in power, and it was. This is history, this is fact. They called it European history, or colonialism. They ruled all the dark world.

Now when they were in power and had everything going their way, they didn't call that racism, they called it colonialism. And they were happy too when they could stand up and tell how much power they had. Britain used to brag about [how] the sun never set on her empire. Her empire was so vast, you know, that the sun would never set on it, she bragged. I heard Churchill say it, and Macmillan, and some of those others who sat over there telling everybody else what to do.

But now the shoe is on the other foot. There is no nation today that can brag about its power being unlimited or [say]

that it can take unilateral action in any area of the earth. . . . No white nation can do this. But just twenty years ago they could do it. Twenty years ago the United States could do it, twenty years ago England could do it, France could do it, even little old runt Belgium could do it, and Holland could do it. But they can't do it now. Because the base of power is shifting. And this is what you and I have to understand, really, in order to understand what's happening in Georgia, in Alabama, in Mississippi, and in New York City.

The power is shifting, and, as it shifts, the man in whose hands it once was gets worried, and the man in whose hands it falls, who hasn't had it for a long time, he gets power-happy, you know, and he is not particularly interested in playing according to the rules, especially the rules that this man laid down. Now, as the base of power shifts, what it is doing is bringing an end to what you and I know to have been white supremacy. Supreme means to be above others. And up until recent times, the white nations were above the dark nations. They ruled supreme on this earth. They didn't call it white supremacy, but this is what it was.

Now white supremacy has come to an end. . . . The time when the white man could reign supreme all over the world—that's ended, that's outdated, that's gone by, it can't happen any more. And it is reflected in what Macmillan meant when he spoke in Africa . . . about the winds of change. At this time Macmillan was the prime minister of England and he was making a tour through Africa; and he came back crying to the other Europeans about the winds of change that are sweeping down across the African continent, meaning that the people who formerly had permitted Europeans or whites to oppress them had changed their minds. They didn't want to be oppressed any longer, they didn't want to be exploited any longer, they wanted to be inde-

pendent and free to build a society of their own for themselves.

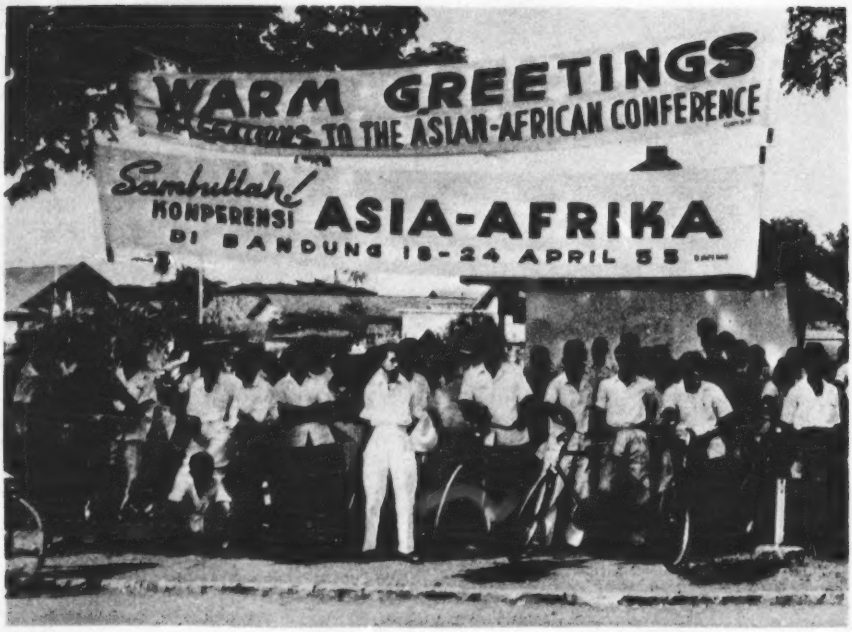
As soon as this mood or tempo began to be visible on the African continent, some of this earth's leading white statesmen at the top level admitted it—and didn't admit it secretly, admitted it openly. Adlai Stevenson got up in the United Nations . . . and accused the dark nations of playing a skin game in the U.N. And you know what he meant by skin game? He meant that people of the same skin color were banding together. Meaning that people with dark skins were banding together in the U.N. against people with white skins. This is something to think about

Now this means that the United States representative to the United Nations, an international body, was alert enough, had sufficient foresight, to see that in this era that we're living in right now, dark-skinned people were coming together, they were uniting, they were forming blocs—the Afro-Asian bloc, the Afro-Asian-Arab bloc, the Afro-Asian-Arab-Latin bloc, you know—and all these blocs were against him. He could see this, and this is what causes so much worry and so much confusion today.

As soon as he saw that these dark-skinned people were getting together in unity and harmony, he began to put out the propaganda that the dark-skinned people aren't ready yet. This is his analysis after our efforts—that we aren't ready for freedom. . . .

They say the same thing to you and me over here, that we're not ready yet—isn't that what they say?

Certainly, they say that you're not ready to live in a decent house, and that you're not ready to go to a decent school, or that you're not ready to work on a decent job. This is what they say, and they don't say why we're not ready, they don't say why.



The new international balance of power was dramatically illustrated in April, 1955, when 29 nations of the Third World, representing more than half the population of the globe, attended the Bandung Conference in Indonesia.

And if we're not ready, they don't say that we once were ready, but we're not now—they try and make it look like we never were ready, that we never were in history a people who occupied a responsible position on the cultural tree, the civilization tree, or any other tree. They try to give us the impression, you know, that we never were qualified; therefore we can only qualify today to the degree that they themselves qualify us.

And they trick us this way. Trick us into going to them and asking them, "Qualify me, you know, so I can be free." Why, you're out of your mind. . . .